



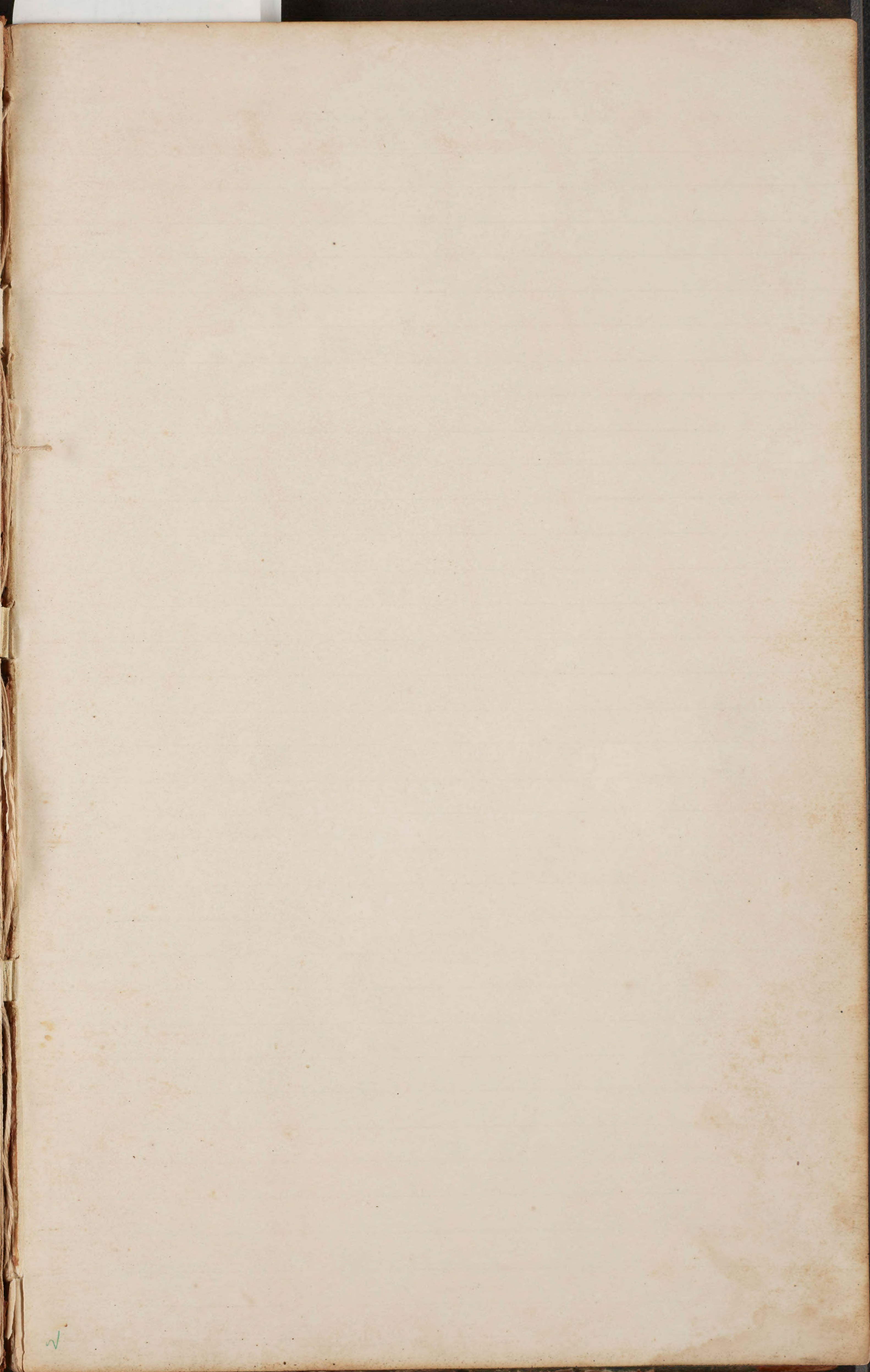


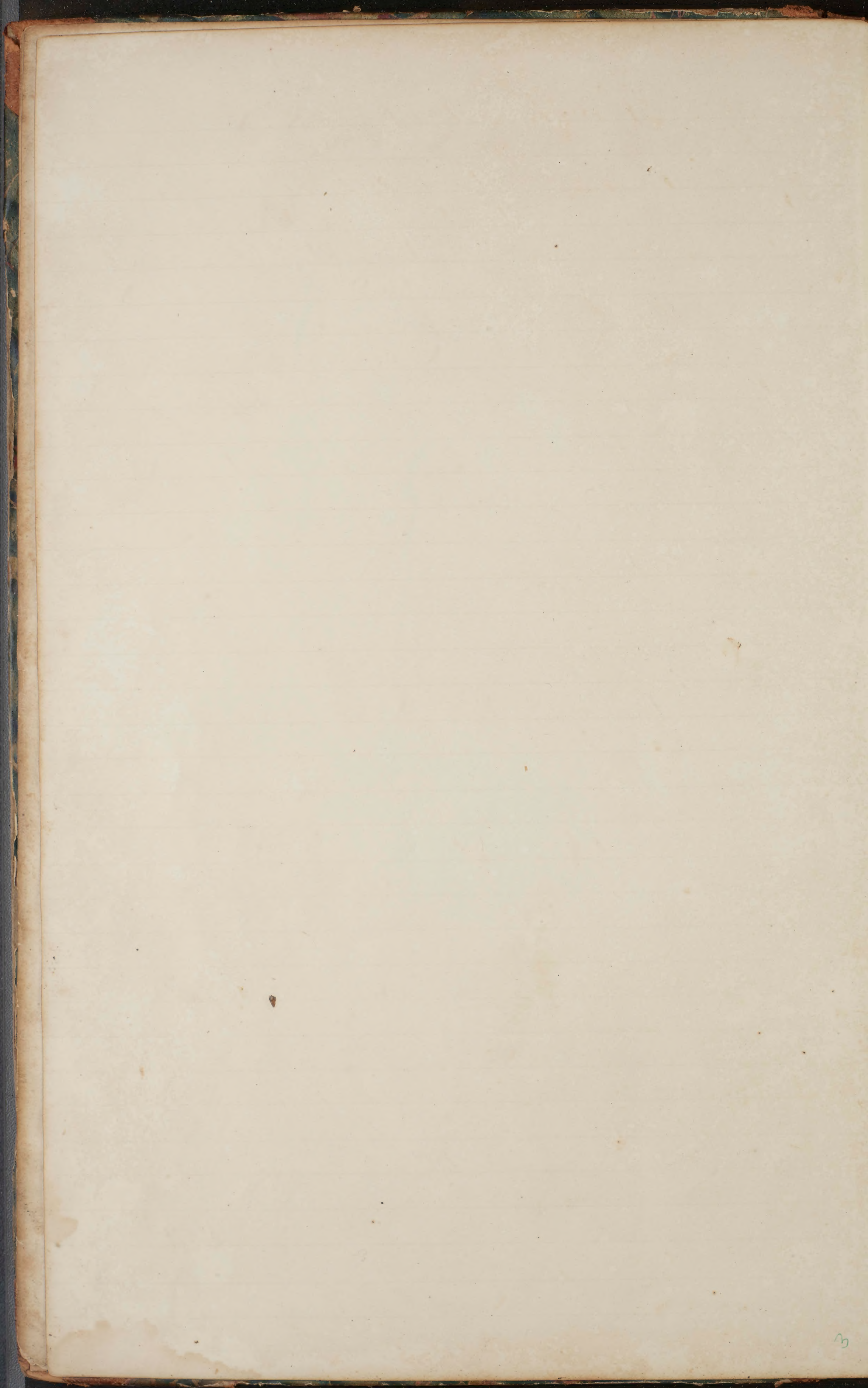


Bark Milwood of New Bedford



3





April 2nd 1867

Again I am on the deep. Again I am leaving all I hold dear in this world. And many and many must be the weary days I shall pass ere I return if ever that may be. But if it be my lot to leave this form of clay upon some coral bed. Or upon the desolate shores of a frozen zone. I shall not go unmourned for I believe there are those who would miss me many a long day. And perhaps this book may reach them and these unworthy musings of mine may cheer their remembrance of me.

I very often ask myself why it is I come here to pass away my brief days in a calling I never loved. And leave my all behind. I can only say that fate is my master. But here I must wry off the time anxiously waiting for a far off time of homeward bound. Those who have never been absent from home have never felt the thrill of the magic words of homeward bound. I sometimes think it doubly pays for all our long anxious weary voyage to go back to those we love. And it is only the absent that really appreciates the true pleasures of home. And too it is theirs to wait in silence for even a word to tell that death has laid the cold hands upon our only hope. Though still we can only hope. Whilst in uncertainty the anxious heart must ever be

Old Ocean I know thy voice

What sound is that upon my ear
That bids some sleeping vessel awake
Is't but the slumberer's dream of fear
Or do I hear the waters break
His eye but now I jested to pass
From Ocean's wild tumultuous blast

So soon again. It seems one day
Since I had claimed a long repose
Till pleasure chased the hours away
And now the waters round me close
The wheels of time will linger now
As the ox drags on the heavy plow

When freshly from the ocean's toil
How early swept the moon & sun
I saw no more that wild turmoil
O'er dreamed those anxious days were done
And Annie with a happy heart
Never dreamed again so soon to part

And did I there forget to prize
Those blessings anxious time had bought
Or did some demon in disguise
Ere seek to sting my sweet thought
If so or more forbear to bring
That woe which rides upon thy wing

Old Ocean when from pole to pole
Beneath thy mild or troubled sky
Thy boisterous billows cease to roll
Perhaps thy charm I'll then deny
Oh fate if thou must rule me long
Come change my life Come change me long

April 1867

Roll gently old ocean while this mindless
form is left to wait the return of its homesick mind
while it wanders back over the fields of memory

Suppose we should follow the deluded phan-
tom and see if ever it finds a resting place
or if it still must follow the trail of sadness

Behold it as it leaps the bounds of
the mighty ocean and rests its flight upon the
land it loves

How anxiously it hurries away
over hill and plain till pausing one moment
at a cottage door. Then quickly enters

Behold another is there and the twin
are clasped within a long embrace.

They seem to drink deep of love and
friendship as though conscious the parting hour
is near at the door.

But forth they wander
sometimes hurrying over a wild strange ground and
then through some lily dotted field to fans beside the
silver streams which murmurs on unconscious of those who
shall sigh upon their banks in dread of a conscious part-
ing hour. And so they flit from joy to grief until
the summons calls when the truant mind must hasten
back to its old clay home which language moves to life again

Howl on ye moaning midnight wind
Rock me in the cradle of the sea
While slumber's grasp my limbs confine
The thought unchained shall wander free

While unrestrained affections wing Or coarsen on passions wildest lay
Flap gently over loves sorrowing All heedless of each sacred plight
Those maddening joys flies away
Nor seems not where it may alight
Till consciousness returns when naught
Can mend a wild and wasted thought

May 1867 G. W. C. - - Jr.

If you should reel of lightning speed
With a track of gore on yonder shore
Do not in wonder then enquire
What fresh red land had conquered there
That passed unseen by mortal eye
And told to none why it must fly
With name and race alike unknown
In one dark secret all its own

We are told the Flocks of old
Changed their own race to a Stone
And if I myself could please
Vow to wing eternal space
I'd flap my wing on the morning breeze
And flee the human race
But I have spread my snowy sail
Now roaming wild on a free
I'll waft before the frolicking gale
And ride the foaming sea

No man shall know, whosoever I go
Nor mark my lag, on the waters way
For I shall be the ruler there
The word the only law we hear
Then list ye from the distant strand
A tale of one shall rise
Whose name in whispered notes shall stand
A wanderer in disguise

May 1867

Could It Be

Could I but guide my visions over
This waste of waters spread around
And view those scenes I loved before
My happy childhoods sporting ground
There I could feel I once was gay
Though youth itself had passed away

Could I but roam eternal space
And leave behind encumbering clay
I would linger where my childhood days
Wandered gently down their blithesome way
And mark each footprint I had trod
Upon that long remembered soil

Could I but kiss some smiling cheek
As once in childhood years ago
A guileless kiss both pure and sweet
O'er sin or folly we did know
To touch again such lips as pure
I would brow this pang I now endure

Could I but feel as I have felt
O'er passion bore my peace away
Or could I kneel as I have knelt
And weep as on that better day
I would raise to life that long lost joy
I knew when I was but a boy

Oh could I date this rolling sphere
To suit my will time should retrace
His his footsteps back an hundred year
For chance might bring some other race
Better I never had lived at all
Than lived to see youth's speedy fall

May 1867

And I was thinking that I must still
see another May and even then must
shall see long months before me e'er
I may greet those I love.

When this voyage is to last but one year
longer it will still seem more cheerful
to know that each season that rolls away
will not return before I visit me home.

But now I must only think of the
present day as it passes along, for if
I should endeavor to fill time by the
wholesale, I am afraid I should get
hold of the wrong end and
turn my brain unmanageable.

But still I know that many a
long and dreary day must pass away
e'er I may greet you my Dearest Annie
to thatosome which can never cease to
love you as it has since my boyhood.
I look into the future and see many
chances that may separate us forever. And
then how insignificant the little gain of this
voyage appears to me. I sooner would give
ten thousand voyages than lose thee in my absence.
I know of no gain to me unless you could enjoy
it with me. If this be nonsense it is however
none the less true I owe thee all. I am
not as I should have been had I not known
you. My greatest prize now seems to be as
near as you would have me as my time
less nature could admit. And it is
very sure you would not have me
any thing but good.

Merly 18 or

Home Ocean Ocean! What dost Thou hold
The key to my unrest
And tell me is it wrought of gold
In after years to bless
This care and toil these anxious years
With joys unsteemed by sorrows tears
No more a stranger guest
To here and dwell in a quiet home
Such as I dreamed of when alone

What time alone has power to solve
Our chance is on the wheel
Perhaps for years it may revolve
And long our fates conceal
Then send each anxious thought to rest
And dream of those we love the best
Leave fortune to reveal
What nature has for us in store
Then feast or fast who can do more

May 1867

And I gave stock and time, how brought
No back unto old ocean's gloom
My careless brain never lent me thought
Of how much I should miss my home
I was when I had but four weeks grace
To stay at home. I did not haste
But thoughtless said that four weeks more
Was very long and I would be
Already then if not before.
So one week passed and there was three
Somehow it seemed that week had gone
So soon. The next would tarry long
But crossgrained time had spread his wing
And quick the moments flew away
I saw at last it soon must bring
The morning of a parting day
Which long upon my heart would leave
A pain which silently must grieve
And then I saw a few short days
Remaining. They had precious grown
Whilst through my brain a thousand ways
Were marked that I might yet prolong
Their number which were lessening fast
As one by one went stealing past
At last I saw the close of day
The sun in glowing beams go down
The last tide months must pass away
In time sleekly but lagging round
One night remained. No fulsome rest
Could make me dream that I was blest

May 1867

Unwelcome morn, smelt thou art here
Yet the rabble of the world go on,
Experiences too are near me But its cheer
Of happiness Alas is gone

And floating over the mortal's bay
Thy signal calls I must away

And leave with you my native land
Hopes which but life time could unfold

Reluctant now I cast the lance

Over long I'd give a world to hold

I meet a glance through dimness with tears
Will follow me through long absent years

Now apt I turn to shun the thought
The pang it brings, the pang it brought
Oh could I wash in Lethe's stream
From memory that recurring dream
To muse o'er child hood's gentle shade
And happy scenes which time betrays
I would help to soothe a drooping mind
And fancies borrowest sun to shine

May 1867

Well Annie I am talking to
you though the mighty ocean rolls between us
But I trust my heart is ever with
you however wide that ocean may be

How I could love this wiles life
if thy presence was with me to banish
these longings for that home which is
wherever you are.

But the silver moon will make many
changes ere I feast my sight upon the
hills of fair Colombas land again And
even then who can promise me that I
may find those which make that
place seem so dear to me

When twice the maple trees have been withered
in red And twice in green. When twice
they stand unrobed above their hasty leaves
in autumn And twice the harvest shall
be gathered to the storehouses And many a
long day of waiting and wishing shall
pass. Yes and many things more shall come
and go. Then perhaps I may come like
one half expected

But let us be philosophical
and uncomplaining bend to fate Which perhaps
would be the better way But no philosophy
can make me believe that I could see
my hopes blighted. And those I now hold
so dear taken from me and yet I to jog on
When the golden link is broken
Which joins true hearts together
I shall must be the toiler
That joy has flown forever

May 1864

I love a rural month and May
Has sweets no other month can bring
Old winters robes are thrown away
For the prettier ones of spring
With the best friend if one could roam
What place on earth would not be home

It's sweet to sit on summer night
But sweeter far in May at noon
For though the sun is warm and bright
No milder beams a tropic moon
With the best friend to say good cheer
What sweeter month can fill the year

It's sweet to lounge on easy hair
As idly, or the world we roam
With sky over ready where
We give nor ask a boon of none
But sweeter far with the best friend
To lounge and ask to give and lend

Sweet is the music which shall bring
Joy unto the lonely heart
The touch which wakes the silent string
Upon a long neglected harp
Must be from one the soul can bless
From one we truly love the best

The one that I have loved the best
In dreams is ever near me
And who my soul has ever blest
In glad some clasp or weary
To her whose ever welcome voice
Has bid my gloomy heart rejoice

June 18 67

Behold me caught again

The time is past the die is cast

Behold the waters blue

Again I ride upon the tide

My native land adieu

Farewell Farewell tis said tis done

Before the mighty gale we run

No fancy, this is true

Though, oft in memories wing I soar

To fancy what was true before

High over the deep, We onward ead

Still striving but in vain

To wear a smile, And thus beguile

Our thought from inward pain

But though we dream the storm has passed

And we the conquerors at last

That wrangling would again

Recall me to the fields of war

To reap where others went to sow

But I will bow to fate just now

And silent wear the chain

Then rising stark, the clankless brass

And lose no more the main

For I have been a slave to long

Tuning my harp to sorrows song

No Annie met again

I ever shall feel thy bosome sigh

At parting Nor the long good bye

June 1867 G. W. B. W.

As onward over the boundless main
I dash along
I hear the voice of thought proclaim
Though right or wrong
The names of here and there a few
On memories' train
Whome time has proved the truest blue
And will again
If I have marked each friend aright
Thou knowest best
Judge by your name here broad and bright
Among the dead
And if perchance I'm lost astray
I will not quail
Before a world's scheme as it may
Is doomed to fail
For I have waged a bloodless war
Long with mankind
Who with both tongue and clamping jaw
I harmless find
It is perchance if ever again
I see thy face
My track across the watery plain
I'll not retrace
Though thine the land I long may love
It shall not be
What aught on earth can never prove
A home to me
Do not condemn the world too soon
Thy voice withhold
Let time sweep on with steady broom
And all unfold

June 1867

To H C W

So much I've said now let me cease
And change my lay
For naught to me can purchase peace
By the watery way
I look about me and I see
The same blue sky
That long has arched our canopy
Unchanged as high
I look around me and behold
The waters blue
And sigh for changes however old
Or something new
No damsels fair to grace our deck
The other kind
No tender charmes are here to wreck
And leave behind
Though we may dream of Ladies bowers
In beauty wrought
And Flora crowning us with flowers
A wasted thought
As this is June may I suppose
The corn is in
Suffering sorely from the crows
On sable wing
And thou art happy couldst I be
Contented there
I'd seek no more this wild wide sea
Nor life of care
In a rural home I would admire
New Licking Spring
Through summer and winter to retire
On beauties wing

June 1864

G. H. B. W.

There I would scape this life of pain
In quiet rest
And still the throbbing of this brain
And aching breast
I often pause to look upon
Contentments home
To wonder why I'm straying from
The place alone
How often I have tried to chase
In different forms
The mystic prize of fancy's race
Through adverse storms
But when I reach the golden hour
The charm has gone
Passion blasts the blooming flower
I sought so long
Then I will chase no more as late
Those fairy dreams
But when this globe must have same fate
To work her schemes
In after years if you should hear
When I came
Recounting o'er some former scene
Chance speak my name
Then may you glance down memory's path
At days gone by
When Horace and Charles joined the laugh
With you and I
Those games and jests are left behind
But still their dates
Our memory oft shall call to mind
One A. H. Bates

June 1867

Over and over again. And I do not know
but it always will be my lot to live in
uneasiness. In vain I have sought a place
upon this globe that I might settle down
in quiet contentment. But alas none
has yet lured me from this wild inclination
for roaming. And although I have been
blessed with all the heart could ask, still
as it seems almost against my will I
find myself voluntarily flying from all I
love on earth.

In former times I used to say
and believe that if with one to share my fortunes
I could quietly spend my days in some humble
cot from the tumult of the world. But time
passes since that one I found to my minutest
satisfaction. And all that I had ever dreamed
or wished for was mine. Virtue Truth Beauty
and every quality that ever was deemed good was
combined in one person. And that person
was given me to cheer and make me that
home that I had so often wished for.

And so I laid down my traveling armor
and bid adieu to roll and I would dream
out my remaining days in my happy home.
I was happy. But I after found my truant
heart sighing for those wild scenes
of excitement which so long before
had surrounded me. But still I
did not dream that anything could
induce me to cherish one single idea
of leaving my newly found joys for
all the world's continuance before

June 1867

But in stead of finding my roaming inclinations
relaxing each day found a new plea for my old
pastimes. And ever long I found myself anticipating
a voyage to sea. I sailed but as the
last hill went beneath the horizon I found instead
of contentment that I was the most unhappy mortal
living. And many was the long month I passed
wondering and longing to return to those jibes I had
forsaken.

Returned I was happy and care
as it had been for me to leave those I loved
and although those long dreary months were fresh
on my memory yet still I find myself
again about my old haunts, habits, and longings for
the devil knows what.

Though I cannot break the hour that
I should say good bye to her my idol still I
went and still I reported. Again I am here
a lonely lonely man. If I was a drinking man
I would curse the bowl. If I was a fool it would
make but little difference where I was. But am I the
only one that is grieving through these long long days

It is for I love the best of all
Who is sad I fear me
Whilst here I roam from spring to fall
Over the ocean near
Though oft as now I've pledged before
To ride the traitor wave no more
From her I love most dearly
That parting hour clings to my soul
Still sailing in its onward roll

June 1867

Infant

I look above me and behold my Mothers smiling
face, and as she holds me in her arms she calls
me Darling I look around me and I see
a stern countenance. And it darkens when I
endeavour to make known my little wants

Around me too there are many strange things
A great fire place with its blazing logs
There too sits my Mothers loom since I am
here to be attended to. And here upon rockers
stands a little rest box where I invariably find
myself when waking from my day naps which
I think must indicate that for pleasure alone I
am not fond of.

I must look in silence upon the many wonders
around me and wait for time to disclose the
meaning of these new things

My debut was a flickering thought
A little spark some substance caught
Which must have vanished - but some hand
Gave it gently spread its fan

I saw a fire blazing bright
And laughed to see its dancing light
I saw a lamp upon the stand
And hit it with my awkward hand
The pain which followed O my soul
I poured it out ten thousand fold
In screams that echo dare not mock
A note from bedlam's bell-whof, caught
That passes and I again looked on
Wondering silently once long

June 1867

Infancy

I grew from drowsy dull desire
To want for something ever where
Familiar grew all things around
My Mothers smile and Fathers frown
Oft I was fondled far too much
Though some swank from the poisonous touch
But I suppose they in advance
Were born, or more than that perchance
Would like to have us claps to swallow
That they were everything but hollow

Each glittering toy bright and new
Stared me all absorbing view
My rattle box my newest toy
Made music and it gave me joy
Then I forgot and fell asleep
Leaving all those joys complete

And Mother always seemed so glad
When I awoke. Though cross and bad
As though she waiting had been there
Waiting to catch my newest care
Her words were music on my ear
When all beside would fail to cheer
One sound from that sweet soothing voice
Like magic bade my heart rejoice
Since time and sorrow changes brought
* Still echoing on my silent thought
I hear that voice ~~and~~ feel the spell
† While memory dearly loves to dwell
* Still echoing from my childhood thought
‡ And memory longing for some sweet

June 1867

Payhool

What a gay world I find this to be. I wonder why I hear people sighing about an unhappy fate and long wearisome days. What do they mean. Everything seems pleasant to me I get up in the morning and almost before I have realized myself it is night again I then have a few moments sport in the evening, when I go to bed and have a sweet undisturbed sleep. Every body I see or speaks to me seems to smile as though I did not know where, what or when would please me next.

But I shall always be happy in a world like this for it just suits me, and I cannot see why others should want things so differently.

If I am happy now of course I shall be as happy when a man becomes then of course I can by my own things. Fish lines and hooks and I can have a nice rod like Mr. Gencles and a gun too I suppose. Always something to make me happy. What a pleasant life is this?

This summers day and afternoon
Is the gladsome merry month of June
Is four o'clock and school is over
A joyful tumult wakes once more
And I am of the happy crowd
With heart as light and voice as loud
Which mounts the air with roundelay
Unmindful of our tasks the day
A score of hearts brim full of joy
Whose bladders hope nor care destroy
Nor saddest thought to steal the glee
Circles round that revelry

June 1867

May-horol

And happy little girls are here
With voices mingling in the cheer

While charms of youth in budding spring
Find naught but flies or butterflies wing

Gay rings each voice from dell to hill
In memory long must echo still
The pines their clustering mantle spread
Over where our homeward pathway led
And farmers fields are by the way
Doctress in the summer robes so gay
And here behold a sparkling rill
Which its lone way around each hill
And over its banks in clusters lean
The hazel bush and alder green
Its downward course ever long must find
The way into a deep ravine
Which spreads beneath us like a bay
Here let us make a short delay
And linger near this lovely scene
To frolick over the narrow stream
And let the golden moments float
Down the stream of childish sport
And here behind this rural scene
One little hour one treasured dream
A spark of memories gathering years
May sometime glimmer through our tears

What onward rolls the joyful tide
On which our childish pastimes ride
Some have deemed the famous stream
Whose waters spread upon the green
And some have built a cozy bower

June 1867

Wagstaff

Now ends that sweet enchanted hour

And Oh that hour yes I would give
Ten thousand worlds again to live
And be the calm contented soul
Whose joys cannot half be told

Oh hush thou thought why wake again
To bring that half forgotten pain
Long I have lulled thee, but how soon
Thy willing hand renews the wound

Those meadows green those hillside bowers
Here where we spent youth's golden hours
Those dreams of joy then were real
But now alas are but ideal

And though ideal they are to me
All that I could wish to be
To dwell beneath young beauties beam
Is sweet again although a dream

But one step from the winding brook
Another we pass the marshy nook
Then winding round a towering peak
The village and our visions meet
Here we scatter each on his way
Homeward from the happy day

June 1867

YOUTH

It seems to me that the people of this world are growing proud and selfish every day. I do not know why it is but I used to meet a smile or a cheering word wherever I went. But now if I should join in the same pastimes as heretofore I am gazed at with silence or a disapproving look. My old playmates are called away by their parents. Especially the girls whose mothers seem anxious to have them out of sight. What does it mean? I feel that I must make a confidant of some one. And who shall it be? If I should open my heart to an old gentleman or lady they would laugh at me because they could not sympathize with me. They are so different. All they care for is to sit by a warm fire not seeming to care for the great things of this world. Then if I should tell another tale of the workings of my mind he would perhaps tell every body and then I should feel foolish indeed. Those boys well I don't know. Somehow I don't like them as I know of.

But now I know what I should like to do. That is if I knew if she would like to have me do so. There is A. and she is the best natured girl I ever saw and just the one that would open her heart to me without following it to every body. She would happen to meet

Oh I wish she was my sister. I should always like her so well. She seems now very like a sister to me. But then I do not dare to kiss her as I would if she really was. I think if I should love her this world would not be as pleasant as before. If I had a little cottage and she was to be - to be. But sometimes when I can not

June 1867

affraid I will tell her just how I feel
Behold thou put on thy armor and go forth
to battle For there is one against many
and many against one And long long they
struggled on And when the one was seen but
ready to fall, behold there came one beautiful
as the rainbow and cheered him on to victory!

And I am in a flashing world
But not in childhood as before
New hopes new joys are here unfurled
Which seem must last forevermore

On Sabbath morn with guarded care
I brush my boots my only pair
And where a speck of lint another
Lent to my coat must disappear
Here's my cravat so smoothly laid
And neck-tie wrought of satin braid
All spread before me. Though I choose
I change my choice and thereby loose
An half-hour ever my collar's trim
Behold I then must wear a pin
Which I may ask some friend to place
Within my ruffled shirt of lace
Still thinking blushing half ashamed
About some damsel here not named
Lest that friend in part might guess
Whilst my fixings tolet the rest
But now my hat is on at last
Another peep into the glass
I sailie forth but feel the while
But half a man and half a child

June 1867

South

There was and is a rural town
With me it is of high renown
And though a saintly people dwell
Within its precinct strange to tell
No house to God has raised its spire
No altars burn with sacred fire
But in our midst on little hall
Where winter summer spring and fall
On Sabbath days the people meet
And bring the gossip of the week

Though oft some traveling divine
Has cracked his holy thinking mine
To teach this wild secluded place
The future need of pleasant grace

While older eyes attentive gaze
On him who teaches wisdom's ways
The younger orbs incessant meet
Each other in the style of sheep

The village girls as though by chance
Turn out with pomp and elegance
But then perhaps as girls we know
At sixteen think they want a beau
And love to sit as oft its chances
Beneath some warm admiring glances

Young hopeful flies his childish dream
Of moonshine for a brighter beam
And thinks to join unto his fate
Some fairy being for a mate

June 1827

Paulth

Then swings he on a high-heeled boot

With stork-pipe-hat and long serbot
Thinks everything that's out of place
To deck a brassy heartless face
How ere he feels, he ~~thinks~~ appears
Hurrieng up his infant fears

I sallied forth, twas here I went
Believing I was quite a gent
Hoping one I will not name
If she were there might think the same

Now I nimbly stept up to the door
Twas shut, for all were in before
I passed one moment, quickly brushed
My hair, then bolting in I rushed
I did not run I did not leap
But dropt into the nearest seat
And sometime passed e'er I could rise
The curtain lid from over my eyes

June 1867

An ancient form now leaves his ^{youth} ~~separate~~
And gazes on us mild and meek
Tells us of worlds he never saw
And what he does and about all
Of cities with their crystal walls
Of golden streets and silver halls

Then pointing out the narrow way
Wherein the race is won
Asks all to do as he shall say
But not as he has done
And long he lingers on the theme
Excluding every sinner

While some are nodding in a dream
Some only think of dinner

Till with a lengthy benediction

Lifts the curtain of restriction

And now each one but just discovers
This one that one, many others
Lord bless my soul, how do you do
Pretty well I thank you, how are you
And then to gossip they give vent to
Each one's character underneath
A condemnation then they strike
Up, feeling very satisfied

But what was said or done or read
Time streaked along apace
And who was there I did not care
Only saw one face
We thought it gleamed, at least it seemed
Perhaps it was by chance
So think I'm apt, it gave me back
One approving glance

June 1867

South

Infatuation dost thou chain

My once stern will in beauties train

Oh why shouldst this proud heart of mine
Beast obedient at thy shrine

The

moon day sun droops down the plain

With spreading glade begins to wane

As wings he on his western flight

Towards the dusky realms of night

It

is time to muse beneath some shade

It is time to woo some trusting maiden

Yet better far for here I roam

With her I love. But dare not own

That such a thought e'er crosses my breast

Though each one knew it was no jest

Oh

golden moments stay thy flight

Come linger near me as I write

This last request do not deny

Come let me have another sigh

And dream again as I have dreamt

Though sweeter for with thy consent

I took thy hand lest thou shouldst fall

And helpest thee over the tumbling wall.

Though

thy companions also placed

Their hands in mine I could not trace

That kindest feeling's sweet contrail

Which reached the utmost of my soul

June 18-67

South

Now when the sun was getting low
Though brighter with its fiery glow
The shadows of the trees here made
It dimmer as in nightly shade
And lest the members should complain
Or say you shall not walk again
We deemed it prudent to adjourn
And early hours mark our return
Then as we reach the village near
One by one all disappear

As the dusky shades of evening fell
Up rose the tinny whiffpoil
Whose notes ring near a cottage door
Where gather now as oft before
Some four or five, a chosen few
With pleasing pastime ever new

June 1867

South

And there was one Oh doubly weak
Is pen to mark or tongue to speak
In little words nor accents sweet
No glowing scene that art could choose
Could mark a semblance of her whose
Angelic beauties matchless form
Reigns brightest star of youths young morn
How richly folds that raven hair
Contrasting features pure as fair
Large eyes whose beam expels all gloom
And cheeks wherein the roses bloom
Whose every look all seem to speak
In charms immortal and complete
Beside those lips the cherries loose
All their former boasted hues
And pearly teeth no night can shade
While crystal beams are there displayed
Her tunicel waves moves with a charm
Which envies jealousness this arm
Rich none to turn but all admire
A hope a love a heavens desire
Immortal charm come ever gleam
And keep me in this heavenly dream

But I with art may blush to own
That ever one drop of ink has flown
From off my pen Or o'er this brain
Should wrack itself how doubly vain
To find an idea that could show
In fancy her I used to know

June 1867

Barter Manhood

Am I to be thus disappointed I am almost
sure that this is the very spot I viewed
from the mount of youth, and saw so many
bright gems sparkling in profusion over this plain.
Though I hastened to secure them I find naught
but an unpromising waste. Oh that I could return
back. But alas my way was strewed with raptures which
no mortal has ever ascended.

Behold what do I see but men. And they
are flesh and blood like unto me. I sit with
chains they will bind me, only because I have no
friends to scare them away. But I will bow
and wait until I too can create a power of
might. Then O Thou clankless chain, though strength
shall be an hundred fold beyond mine own yet I
will conquer. And thou shalt yield obedient
to my feeble limbs. And foremost I will creep
over these speaking wastes. But alas the mount
of youth is no more for me. Those paths of childhood
can be only traces in the fields of memory. While I
peer through the glass of unforgetten hopes and view
the only dawn of life.

When hoary locks shall deck my brow. And the load of years
and care shall bow me down. and when feeble limbs shall fail
to bear me along. When all beside foretells decay. This heart shall
turn to youth and sigh to spend another hour with her it loved.

June 1867

Early Morning

And I am severed as it were

From hope from love and friendships care
And by some spell yet unobscured
Hurries in to solitude

Unwelcome gleams Atlantic's tide
Whose prison walls on every side
Tells me too plainly I no more
Can claim those joys I knew before
But lowest beneath this mountain grief
Where time alone can bring relief

How dim you sun drag through the sky
No more time lasts the moments by
No more I hail the morning beam
When rising from some rosey dream
But dread forebodings o'er me lower
As loud the watch-man calls the hour
Through flitting slumbers strike in vain
To rest this sorrow thinking brain
And when delusion one moment places
Me back to joys I rise in haste
To feel around me thus to prove
In fickle dreams I only rove
But was fancy idly straying
Lingering near my sorrow playing
And unto me the golden cup
Of bliss she holds that I might sip
When faintly I would snatch the bowl
She quickly moves it from my hold
Then wily laughing flies away
Whilst wistless I am doomed to stay
And now the billows but confirm
What I seek but dread to learn

June 18 67

Dear, Almon

Must I forget those cherished scenes
The one I loved my future scenes
Shall I so tamely quit the field
Thus humbly bow to fate and yield

First let me learn subjections rule
As taught in ~~misanthropic~~ school
First let old ocean turk's plain
Forbid my treacherous path again
First let that form those features pass
From memory's brightest cherished path
First that voice which charmed before
Cease its vibrations ever more
Then I will lay all hope aside
Seek nothing, - all has been denied
And my proud heart no more shall fill
Her sails nor answer to my will
But in the sea of hopeless woe
They float or sink to realms below

But I must seek excitement's train
And so employ my busy brain
And I have roamed from place to place
Oftt amongst a wild and savage race
And blindly sought some wild affray
Nor heeded danger on the way
And I have seen the distant flames
Whereon my comrades' best remains
Were rushing for one grand repast
Of a cannibalistic mass
And with a hand as untamed
As me I dashed across the plain
And wresting from the funeral pile
Returned to mother earth her child

June 1867

Early Maudslayi

And then I sorrowed when I saw

The vanquished fleet norcall for war

For in the wilderness of the frays

The heart forgets the passing day

For I have drove my noble bark

Where Arctic's winds then drear and start

Beneath the ice-burg's towering peak

Have culled my crew awhile to sleep

For every beast that roams the woods

Though he be wild or tame

Beneath the ocean's solitudes

There lives one near the same

But mightier far are those which dwell

Beneath the ocean's leaping swell

And often these from a frail boat

With barbed steel my lance has smote

And seen the sparkling briny floes

Struggle with the monster's blow

And I have battled the sea-shore

When others o'er their fate deplore

Uncounted there I faced the gale

But I have seen the mighty whale

Go off and leave me steeped in tears

More like my toying childish years

So thus I've learned my lesson well

And time may pass, but still that spell

Will to my soul forever cleave

And lure me on but to deceive

Though I outlive the human race

I'll ever love and seek the chase

June 1867

When half the sun of life had run

I returned to seek those gladsome days of which
I tasted in my earlier time, I found them still
sweet but that bright dawn had fled. For
within those long lost years everything had changed
I sought again the school-house among the pines
but alas the pines were there though scarcely one
single trace of that little old edifice so fresh
in memory was to be seen. The village was there
as of old. But when I saw those which dwelt
therein I knew it was not the same.

Where it seemed that I must behold a familiar
face I beheld stranger forms. They were not those
I had forgotten but real strangers with new
voices and new names.

But not all had passed away. A few
were there I had known in my better days
And among those few were those memory had so
long cherished. And now my weary weary
soul seemed to throw off its load of care
to rest upon the cherished and remembered shades
that were there where it once had stream-
ed that this world were naught but pleasure
But better experience had taught another lesson

How sweet the change now greets my view
The past forgot all things are new
'Tis new to ride and be at home
'Tis new that I am not alone
'Tis new to hear sweet friendship voice
And makes my weary heart rejoice.

One with gentler soul entwined
Around this gloomy heart of mine
Revives again that long lost joy
I knew when I was but a boy.

June 1867

After years
Vain vain is life whose transient form
From child to manhood flits along
Perchance we reach the sought for goal
When death extinguishes the whole

Now the dreamer then awakes
From his sweet sleep and thus he speaks
If this is life where is its power
I nearly chase a squandered hour
And all ~~these~~^{my} mammoth hopes and fears
Are couched within those paltry years

Not I am alone with naught to bless
No kindred voice no fond caress
That form I wildly loved before
Lives but in memories distant shore
The hand which mine so fondly clasped
No more I hold all all is past
Those words of music on my ear
Are silent as that distant year
Wherein I lived without a care
And streamers immortal bliss were there
That kindred heart, that gentle brow
Of all on earth are nothing now
I clasp about me but in vain
To hold that precious form again
I cannot live I cannot die

My thoughts on wings of madness fly
And though I seek her lowly grave
My madness kindles and I rave
Beneath the scourge of living woe
Where hopeless grief must ever flow
In bitter anguish of despair
Until this heart no more can bear

June 1867

Hope proves its folly

He arose in silence and he paced
The lonely hall in rapid haste
Then throwing wide a little door
As if to view the place once more
He wildly shrieked the word farewell
And fleet within that magic spell

watched as fleet that flying form
In madness wildly dash along
And where the forest skirts the plain
He vanished but he holes again
He leuch him o'er the shallow bank
Of Lethe stream but o'er he drank
Upon the past he lingering took
At last a long a farewell look
That Laggereef face o'er then so wild
What e'er he saw one moment smiled
Then calling loud a cherished name
As thro' one spark of hope reamees
He wildly prays that he might keep
That name from an eternal sleep.
Beneath those sparkling waters sleep

Then rising calmly gazes upon
Those torrents as they roll along
Saying I fear that thou shouldst close
Forever over these living woes
But cannot shall not take from me
Those precious gems of memory
Those days when hope and love combined
O'er this now dreary heart of mine
In happiness long long rejoice
With her my earliest, latest choice

June 1867

Clinging to life

I cannot willingly partake
Of waters and the past forsake
First let me stay in misery
That sometimes I may think of thee
Thou only joy I ever knew
Dispair alone was love with you

Call on thou let me I will wait
My hopes within a future state
Though in this world of care and pain
Hope proves itself how doubly vain

Though one draught from thy liquor's beech
Would doom the past forever steep
Yet I would cling to thy hoards dear
My mammoth hopes and heart's young queen

Oh may that Thrill her presence gave
Forever linger near my grave
I would be her spirit and how sweet
Would be my last eternal sleep

Oct 18th 1867

Blowing heavy from N. Went out under the lee
of a schooner to see what could be seen and behold
a whale came along near the shore I shot off
and struck him and as luck would have
it he ran directly in shore where I landed up
and killed him on the spot. But if ever
he had run off shore I could not have
killed or more than five minutes as the gale
was heavy and the sea rough I congratulate
myself that the striking and killing that whale
is the quickest job on record.

July 1867

We see the people of this world moving on in this life. And we say this one is a very pleasant man or woman. And so it is that this and the other. But how little we know by the outward appearance of those we meet. what the inward-man has in store.

I suppose those in general that know me would admit that one tender sentiment ever moves me. Then if I am not blessed with those kindly feelings what would I not give to inherit them.

Perhaps the wild education which I received in my early manhood has roughed over my outward appearance. Still this heart retains the same sympathetic attributes which nature planted within my bosom. In my earliest stages I had a very dear friend. (Yes a mother) And ever I scarcely knew to prize such a friend. Before death reached forth his unrelenting hand and took her from me.

Although I felt the deepest grief I had then ever known still I did not realize one half nor a thousandth part how great was my loss.

But as I grew older and wiser I began to discover how friendless I was when my mother's watchful eyes were closed in death. I then grew without a tender hand to smooth and polish the outward appearance. And so I have grown.

I have since held some very dear ties and friends. But that mother's place can never be filled. Often I have in my sleep dreams almost imagined that her spirit was near me. And long long have I lingered with those spells of vain regrets and lost desires.

B

July 18 67

Echo

Years ago I remember still
I wandered through the forest deep
To sit upon some naked hill
Or muse beneath its rugged steep

And dream of beauties only named
Within the language of the heart
While fancy wild and unrestrained
Should mount the fabled wings of art

So oft before I raised my voice
In answer to some cheering thought
When lo I heard a distant noise
Responding to the sound it caught

I pause one moment then again
O'er the stillness far around
My Mother's voice or one the same
Revives that lost familiar sound

In vain I strive again to hear
The voice which lures my earliest care
But though it seems that she was near
Some wilder sound rings through the air

And after since beneath that steep
I've mus'd me from the world apart
But now I know that voice so sweet
Was but the Echo of the heart

July 1867

Well Annie Darling. I do not believe that you will get this book until I bring it to you. therefore it will be certain to come there if I should be spared to come myself. And if I should write this in letter four or five years the same to you perhaps it would never reach you.

It is my greatest fastime and I spend many an hour sweetly when otherwise it had been lonely. I have been to Fagal and am now bound to the cold North. But I have not heard from you therefore I feel very lonely and disappointed. Had I received a cheering word from thee I should have ^{been} bounding over the crashing waves with a lighter heart.

However it cannot be avoided, so let us hope for the best. I am bound to expect some letters when I arrive in Cumberland whether I get them or not. About in one year I hope we shall be bounding towards a happy home with ~~unswaveringly~~ ^{unswaveringly} ~~overtake~~ ^{overtake}. But if wishing would avail us aught. I should not be long coming to thee.

Now if I could have a few wishes in the place I should wish that Annie was healthy and happy and long to be so. with her by to share those blessings. Secondly that I might soon return to them with a smashing good voyage. Thirdly that I was a better man. By George I am too too rough and severe this voyage, and I suppose I always was. But who shall bid the lion lay down among the dogs, submitting to the passing rabble.

August 1867

It was morning and I longed for evening
It was evening and I longed for home
I was at home and I longed for the sea
Now where shall I fly to amuse myself
But alas I know of no place excepting
I could combine home and sea together.

Just let me describe how that home would appear
It would be a noble ship, well fitted, and I should
be the one to guide her on the ocean. And I had left
none behind to wait and watch my return. But my
little home circle were on the sheet ocean with me

I suppose if man was to live forever on this
earth he would grow so discontented that he would
become a useless tool. His prospects would be so
great and for aches that his limited comprehension
would soon run out

Sometimes I feel almost sorry that
it happened that I of that family called the
human family. As was one of old I am thankful
that I am man not woman. But to throw all
jokes aside I think it a very sorry thing to be
a woman. If some one should ask why I suppose
they would expect me to touch upon a very delicate
subject. But I would not be understood to refer
to the different sexes, because I have seen many
wo-men of both. But let me say that I
think it a very solemn thing to be in being
at all. The world is woe itself and if
hereafter is woe then all is woe

August 1867

Today is the seventeenth of the month and thou
my son are five years old. In those five years thou
has ^{seen} very little of this selfish world. I too was once
just five years old, but how many has been the bitter
scene I have experienced since that day

I then as you now had a kind Mother to contribute
readily to my little cares and wants. I suppose
that good Mother knew that I was growing to meet
a selfish world. And therefore she strove to soothe my
uninnocent years. And though life were ever so long still
I could boast a few years of unsullied happiness

But you in after life find a more tranquil future
My Mother's care was not long for me. And you like me
may lose that friend which is the best and almost
the only true friend you have. But may you never
like me lay your little weary limbs upon a stranger's
best and was there in agony we are in unhappy fate
Yes homeless penniless and friendless have I repeat
myself to sleep, to dream of home and plenty. But Oh
the returning conscious reality found almost a better lot

But a little voice bids me cheer on and some day
I should have both home and friends. And tis
through a dark and dreary road I have found them
But as yet Orren thou hast a kind Mother and God
grant you long may have. But if that Mother is taken
from thee thoust get a Father which will not forsake
his trust. But If I should no more be
permitted to return to thee thou should be a selfish
boy and in manhood guard thy mother's wants with a
jealous eye

August 1867

I made me not in my decline
Thine is a better tale
Thine cheek was once as fresh as thine
Though now so worn and pale
And I have jested as blith and gay
Yes I have seen a better day
But let me not bewail
Since fate ordained that I should pass
Through all the grades and this the last

I had a home, O! could this heart
But speak one half it feels
Or could this pen perform its part
And mark what thought conceals
Then I would paint on emerald page
In glittering form the golden age
Where better days reveal
A glimpse from lover's immortal thought
Beyond the veil of mystery caught

~~Was it my lot~~ ^{I was not by choice} to roam abroad
Alas it seems my fate
To lead the life I most abhorred
And sorrow when too late
And thus it was I spread my sail
And gladly met the coming gale
Nor had I long to wait
Over my noble bark with shattered mast
Went driving on before the blast

August 1857

I will forbear a lengthy tale
Which only speaks of sorrow
Though none perhaps like me bewail
That life of living horror
Our ship a wreck on ocean tide
Without a mast or helm to guide
Or hope in the morrow
If one complaint was but a sigh
When waiting calmly there to die

And here I jump a space in time
To gloomier to incline
And if I would these thoughts of mine
Some abler pen must write
When fellow men by hunger driven
Go deeds they fain would hide from heaven
Why should they then invite
The curious world to lend an ear
And laugh at horrors lingering fear

Of thirty men but one alone
Ever reaches his native land
What now I know, had then I known
The last one of that band
Had made his bed on a coral reef
And escaped this bitter living grief
But a monument I stand
Of what I was, though not again
Can I one joy or hope obtain

August 1867
I reached the shore my weary feet
Went onward to the scene
Where hope had taught me I should meet
My heart's celestial being
But there behold my cottage lay
A heap of ruins in decay
More like some phantom dream
There where my heart earnest to rejoice
I startles at my own shrill voice

And when at last in falling strain
I awoke the silent spell
And from my lips one cherished name
In trembling accents fell
I unconsciously glanced around to see
For sure it did not sound like me
Where I had loved to dwell
Where I had dreamed immortal bliss
Unconscious of a time like this

And near where once my cottage stood
There by an oaken shade
My little child had left its hoar
And playhouse it had made
But all was still I called in vain
For those I never shall see again
Though then I did persuade
Those blackened walls to speak and tell
Of those things I loved so well

August 12 67

But all was hush'd my feeble voice
No more the silence broke
For I could see no hopeful choice
The truth itself awake
A Horseman by the ruins place
Unconscious urges his steed apace
I hail'd and thus he spoke
Is this thy land and yet thou ask
Wherefore marks this ruins path

Behold even now the fiery brand
Unto our homes applied
Behold even now the fiery brand
No peace can ever hide
See where rebellion's host have trod
No pity nor no fear of God
Has caus'd them to subside
And many in young hopes brightest hour
Have perished like the severest flower

And Davis with his hellish bent
His ravages will end
Though vengeance drive him from the land
Still that can never mend
Those severest ties which loves has mark'd
A ruins home or broken heart
Nor hope can defend
One peaceful hour from living pain
For those we never can see again

September 1867

It is evening, and I feel lonely musing here alone. It seems that I have just now bid farewell to my dearest friend. I have just finished a series of letters some forty in number. And as I suppose my last mail closes to day I must end this source of pleasure. The Clark Morning Star will be up tomorrow, and probably I shall be my own mail carrier beyond a long dreary year yet to come.

It seems now that I am almost entirely cut off from home. Before me is a long tedious winter. Then comes a fatiguing Spring. And then a desponding Summer and finally a disastrous passage home. And if mine should be the privilege of returning there, I must live in doubt, until those dear ones are within my embrace.

What a misfortune it was for me when I first learned to roam. Otherwise perhaps now I should have been enjoying myself in a quiet home. And those phantoms of great things which I so blindly have traced through life might have been realized with smaller and better results. But now alas I fear those uneasy desires will never be satisfied. Until death shall relieve me from this maddening day. Then if it should be, this never quiet thought might unfettered rise upon the wildest storm or frolic with the thunder bolts of joy or float upon the mildest mist which shall give the ethereal blue. But even then without that kindest spirit which has sometimes charmed a moment for me here below I could be happy. But lingering near my childhood home, wait in loneliness to catch another of those joys whose time has been stolen from me.

Christmas 1867

How I long to write a letter that would go to those which
is beyond these ice fields. Day after day I sit here
and dream of other stages and stages to come. And some-
times I think that life itself is but a phantom of the
past and future I wonder if every one is like me and
always looking upon the present as no material conse-
quence. I read thrilling incidents of magnanimity, gratitude,
friendship, love, charity. And I am almost startled
to find my own secret feelings laid out before me.
And I wonder still more that those sentiments I inherit
only in my own secret feelings. Whilst on the other hand
that indomitable rigid self will which ever clings to me
is hurrying me through an uncocial life.

I do not believe that this would content
men such as me. If so it must be a vain world
indeed. It seems to me now that I could content
myself forever if I was with those I love. But I
know just how it would be. and therefore I am
almost discouraged to anticipate.

I look ahead with great anxiety when this voyage
shall end and I shall meet those absent friends.
It seems the end of all my anxiety, though absent as
it may I seldom give one thought beyond that
time as that was a heaven where trouble will
end. And so I am spend my few days of
earth and if that is my termination all will
be well. But if this is but a prelude
of something still worse. I would say
with before that it is a great misfortune
to me that I was ever born.

I suppose you have goose at home

We have here. Roast Pork. Boiled potatoes and onions
Tray sauce. Cranberry sauce. Plum chowder. Boiled Ham
Plum Pudding. Sugar sauce. Plum cake. (Aunt. Apple
and Cranberry pie.) A merry Christmas to you and love

December 1867

To Billie

Billie whence that saddened smile
Naught seems to cheer
Whilst others sweetly there beguile
Each thought from care

So it becoms thou fair would roam
Over the great sea
And on its waters make thy home
And be with me

And you would all when dangers came
In me confide
To battle with the mighty main
And angry tide

And if perchance some treacherous wave
Engulf the sea
Would it soothe you over a watery grave
To be with me

O would you give a world or more
If that might be
To stand upon thy native shore
Away from me

Fool knows best but you would shame
The boasted brave
And fearless bid the merelning main
Prepare thy grave

I saw thy nature once display
A mountain will
And from destruction snatch away
A pending ill

December 1867

And smothered then a knitting flame
Whose threatening glow
Had blackened o'er life's rosey plain
With darkest woe

Oft here alone I dream that you
Are by my side
Then sweetly rolls the waters blue
As on me ride

If you would love this ocean life
Which haunts my soul
Then I could love my sailor wife
With love untold

When I upon the ocean roam
I long for thee
When beset with all which makes a home
I miss the sea

If thou were here no pen could mark
My smallest joy
No sound from off a golden harp
Could time absorb
The music of this happy heart
Would all employ

January 1868

Dear Anne I do not know but my wishes will be answered when I wish you a happy New Year. But I am assured that you like me to say are feeling that the one great joy is not for you on this noted day. I never see a happy New Year away from you. The Christmas comes but it is not a merry one. My joy is a silent joy because no sound can travel beyond the walls of time. I can only attempt to view those hopes through the glass of expectation. I sit here alone and yet I am laughing. But still a tear glimmers on my lashes. whilst I am thinking what a joy it would be for both you and me to stay if we were together - you and me and Carrie. In some little snug room where before a blazing fire we could tell over our lonely wishes. There is no friend on earth that I would admit for one moment to shorten my stay with you.

But how do I know but you are now in trouble far greater than I have reason to be. Perhaps sickness is there and it is not impossible that death has been there. But I will not anticipate. Death may come therefore it will too soon take its own horrors.

Time hastens on and soon I shall know what is for me. Soon I shall reap a golden spoil or see it move before my reach. Time is a round which has no guide, but fluctuates hither and thither. In fact is the wheel of fortune.

We have just witnessed the return of a tribe of natives (called Nimehes gang) brought here in a starving condition. Several have already died and the remainder are living skeletons. Oh goodness this is a leaver country to starve in. I should think a person would freeze when he was halfway between starvation and death. What a country this is where rocks will not burn and there is no wood nor coal or any things that I know of.

January 1888

I wonder what will be in your stocking to night
Oren I suppose many pretty things & I was reading
to day of a little girl who hung up for St. Nick
but Santa Claus did not come there because the little
girl's Father and Mother were so poor he did not
wish to waste his playthings in that house as I
suppose Santa Claus has to buy everything which
he gives to the little folks on those eventful holidays
Now Oren your Father and Mother are also
poor but they don't mean to tell old Santa Claus
how poor they are because it is nobody's business as
long as we have new clothes and good chimneys and every
thing we need. And as long as Oren minets his
Mother and is a good boy. Who shall say then
that we are not rich. But the little girl
that I was reading about lived in a poor
old house and her clothes were not very new
and when they sat at the table they did not
have very much and sometimes the little girl
cried for bread and her mother had none
to give. The little girl's Father had to work
hard every day and take his money to buy bread
for those at home. Now I suppose
you feel sorry for that little girl and
would give her a part of the things which
Santa Claus has given to you. Good Fathers
Good Mothers and Good little boys always
feel sorry when see little girls and boys crying
for bread and always give some if they
have any to spare. We do not know but
some day we too shall want bread and
then how glad we shall be if some body gives
us some. And how sorry we shall
be if we remember that we did not give
the poor people bread when we had plenty.

January 1868

The first bright sun of sixty eight
Craws onward o'er the beams of men
Whose brightest beam shall penetrate
In common with each absent friend

In the radiant south whose smile
Shall linger long like loves bright beam
Where joy succeeding joy beguile
The whole into one lovely stream

But for me alas my wayward flight
Bring me no day stream I behold
A twilight set between two nights
Where Arctic's frozen ocean roll

The morning dawns, no welcome voice
Shall echo in my lonely ear
To bid my deepest thought rejoice
Thrice happy on the bright New Year

Like as the ocean's onward roll
Must answer to its hidden plain
So shall the accents of my soul
Echo what it feels again

Here mounting on the breezy air
My feeble voice alone I hear
Which bids thee Darling share, dear
A happy happy bright New Year

God knows best, the bright New Year
Has dawned upon a new day's glare
And sorrows bitterest hopeless tear
Has mingled with the range it gave

If we should look upon the map of the world, or rather the great northern world. We should see in Lat 65 and Long 65 the entrance in Cumberland Inlet. Then glancing along past the southernmost Hecla-Comet we see the bay of New Sumner. which is partly open to the sea and partly surrounded by a country of islands. Among these islands a a shifting tribe of Indians very near resembling the Esquimaux race. The few facts which I shall narrate will be of this tribe and which will become connected with a ^{new} northern tribe.

It was when the curious world were feeling for a N W passage that the Hecla and Fury two English exploring vessels were lying in Fox Channel frozen in the ice that a party was made up among the more adventurous to cross the Channel and enter the interior upon the northern shore. A diary of one of the officers which I have here before me runs as follows.

Jan 5th After refreshing ourselves and dogs we steered as near North as the unevenness of the country would admit. After passing through low lead some 20 miles we again came to ice which we cut and found to be salt water. Here we were met by an old native with his igloo and toggles for sealing. With a short conversation between him and our guide he went off until we rounded a point in the Canal where we came upon a settlement where ^{some natives} they had taken up their winter quarters. Here were some 30 tupicks or igloos and perhaps some 200 natives.

There arose some strife between the different families who should be honored by keeping one or two of the party. Says the writer I felt to my lot to be the guest of an old man and his son, wife and daughter.

The first evening of our sojourn I discovered that several young men were there off and on through the evening. But on the second day I learned that there existed a jealousy between two young hunters for the favor of the daughter of mine host whose name was Tooka Looker.

Tooka Looker was a damsel of some fifteen or sixteen summers, with a beauty scarcely surpassed by the great nations of the civilized world. In her own country she would be called tall. But were she a native of New England she would be called below the median stature. Her eyes as a characteristic of the race must be very dark. But in this instance there lurked a milder beam, which softened the wild expression so natural among those people. Her round full features and the freshness of her complexion distinguished her from all others in that desolate country.

Young Eben Tucker a stout athletic young hunter has grown up with her childhood and of all others was the one she most esteemed. And although Peter Hungerman (another young hunter) very often called upon her still she could not use the familiarity with him as with her old acquaintance. Therefore Hungerman was filled with a jealous hatred for (as he supposed) the only obstacle between himself and the fair Tooka Looker. At last a mutual hatred grew up between these two lost sons of Israel.

And after when when hunting the Lwicks
or Netchukts or on the trail of the polar
bear these two men would meet eyes
turn from each other as two infinite powers

It was summer and Elnutken had
completed on Igloo of his own eyes gained the
consent of her *Arctardor to take for love
Tookaloony to occupy this new habitation

But Peter Hunger man now came forth
(as he claimed) a promise from her Arctardor to be fulfilled

I should have stated that Peter Hunger man
was ten years older than Inker and twelve older
than the fair Tookaloony. And when the damsel
was but a child of six summers she strayed
from the settlement or squating grounds And after
a long search in vain there were several bears
discovered lurking about as though they
had tasted some sweet morsel to attract them
to prolong their stay And the little
girl's parents in their despair had offered to
any one who would rescue her. Not only the
girl as an adopted daughter but all the Tookloos
skins in their possession. Hungerman was the lucky
individual who returned the child unharmed to her
parents. Whereupon he had received the Tookloos
skins but being a young single man did not care
for the child and willingly gave up his claim

But now in this last hour has come
forward to claim that which even though
the Father were willing to accede he has no
more the power to do so

Ever Inker now being accursed with the demands
upon his affiances. demanded that he should
give over his claim and forever announce
all intentions that he should have then or there
after upon one who was the affianced wife of another
(Father) * 2. (Bear skin upon their wealth consisted)

Hungerman departed with uttering no words but with a threatening gesture charged himself as though reluctantly from them. That Night Inuk went out and his long absence soon called others to enquire for him but in vain until he lay lit upon the dead form of the young hunter with Hungerman's spear yet remaining in his body.

The deed was looked upon with silent horror in this country of no laws. Though no one steps forth to revenge so horrible a deed still the man of blood shrinks from his own presence. Nor ever dared to look to Tookalook again even as a friend. So ends the tale of the explorer and there I through other channels receive the consequences which led from that tragedy.

Having been several years among the Esquimaux tribe upon the Asiatic coast which I picked up a few words of their languages and several more on the shores of Davis Straits. Spending several winters among them I became comparatively well informed in their language. In the winter of 1855 I became to know a native far advanced in years. And which learned formerly belong to the Neugumuk tribe. It now being 1857 and our govt ship Melwood frozen in the ice in Cumberland Inlet I took a curiosity to question the same old native spoken of above which is here being with his son and through him I am able to continue the above narrative.)

Hungerford the homicide after the accomplishment of his black deed wandered away from his former companions with his load of guilt which he should no more as he thought meet the gaze of a scornful world. And for several years thought himself secure from all observation.

In the meantime young Lookalove had her every sense bent on a revenge for her murdered lover. And though a female she knew her deep ones share.

When she first saw her affianced waiting in his grave, her sensibilities were sensibly affected and for a while gave way to sad lamentations.

What soon passed off and she resumed a composure that our greatest philosophers have been commended for. Her nature soon returned to its truly cheerfulness and it seemed with her as it naturally was with others less interested. That is as though naught had transpired to break the monotony of the times.

But still there lurked that deadly hatred for the offender that could only be appeased with blood.

Lookalove was beautiful, which is the magnet which man so readily answers to its attractions. And not long to wait before a score of those infatuated beings were sighing for a place in her affections. And she with an ever seeming heart encourages all and fancies their infatuations with such a condescending grace that all seem to think that a sure conquest was for him. And thus matters remained until she herself should get some clue to the runaway murderer. Listening to every whisperous hinting excursion that she might get some clue to a strange trail.

one day a party of hunters having returned were surprised to find that none beside Luc had left the settlement since their departure as they had seen fresh marks upon the indicating that some individual was near where they had spent the previous night. Though at the moment there were some wonder who or when those marks belonged to, but with a simple solution of the matter it ended. At least so it seemed. But there was one that gladly treasured up this seeming trifling mystery. And that night she baffled the allurements of the land of slumber to cherish a hope which she had begun to despair of ever realising.

For several times during that long winter there were reports of strange trails and none knew or felt the surety that Tookalookay was of the real author of those marks. With all the caution of her nature did she proceed in that revenge, her every desire had long dictated. Though she regretted to see her victim so long at large comparatively enjoying his freedom. Yet she comforted herself to think how long would be the blow when he became reconciled to his secluded life, whilst even assurance of his safety had become seemingly a matter of course. But little did she dream there was one that as yet had never ceased to cherish the most revengeful desires to see him brought on equal horrid ends as the one whose blood he had spilt.

Among her sisters were several whose the clamour had encouraged to almost an surety. And these three young hunters looked upon each other with a jealous eye as they beheld the regard Tookalookay paid to each in their

presence. At last one summers day when there were great preparations throughout the settlement as if they should strike tents and disperse to the different parts of the country in the long anticipated deer season. On one of these days it was reported that Gookerlookey was lost and in a few moments these young men flew to her rescue. Of a matter of course she was found by one of these and then she told a startling tale of abduction.

As she was by the brook near the settlement dressing some Nit-hucks. Hungermann made his appearance and before she could give the alarm she was stifled with a deer skin covering which he bore over her head. Then she was borne away whether she could not tell. Neither could she have an idea how long nor how far she was carried in this way. She having lost all consciousness. But for what length of time she could not tell. And when at last she was restored to consciousness she found herself in the company of the above named gentleman who professes all the love of former time. But she shrinking from him, he at last got angry and threatened a dreadful revenge in case she would not leave all and share his unsocial fortunes. She fearing even acquiescence watched her chances for escape. From him she learned that they were some 20 miles to the eastward of the settlement and on the second day whilst Hungermann was off in quest of game of which they were greatly in need she made her escape and had at last found her way to the place where she had been met by this young man. And now she took the opportunity to inform those three

Young men sepperately that she could not think of becoming the wife of anyone as long as this man should inhabit the country and if she could be assured that he was no more she would then feel at liberty to make an engagement with her chosen one. Intimating at the same time that the one present was her best beloved.

As a matter of consequence each one of those infatuated lords set his brain to work to hatch up some plan whereby measures could be taken to rid the land of the outlaw. And though each felt a horror at staining his own hands with the blood of the victim still each had a lurking desire to appear in the eyes of Forkeloke that they were the sole instigators of the affair which she so much desired to see executed.

At last summer came and with the dis-
persing of the shipper out families to the
different hunting grounds in quest of deer
Forkeloke tells her devoted the she should remain at the old stand anxiously waiting to hear of some ones account of the death of Hungerman. These three young men which I will name as they are here spoken of as after their ages were all near the same. The first or largest was named Ah-luc-look. The second Parco-h. The third Oca-ho-je. These three were sepperated in different parties once during the summer at different times each one of them fell in with the trail of the wanderer at which each made it his business not to lose sight of And finally Oca-ho-je and Ah-luc-look come in together, disclosing their designs and found they were both here on the same errand of blood with some prize in

view and instead of denouncing the schemer, both
commended her for her master heret at seeking the
life of him who had abducted her away from the
settlement as they believed. And these two young women
concluded to through their chances together and
win the fair one by striking the first blow
And many a day did they seek this trail ex-
pecting each new morning to achieve the great end
One day in August they fast a smouldering
fire which seemed had been lighted but a
few hours before And so they pressed on in
hopes of overtaking its kindler ere another
night should frustrate the trail which now seemed
so plain and sure. But night came down and
as they could not proceed with any certainty
concluded to wait the coming daylight
But in the latter part of the night they
espied a light beside a distant mountain
They did not wait any longer but hurried
towards it. But the difficulty of traveling in
the night and the distance being so much further
than they anticipated they did not reach the
place until after daylight As they now
were near enough to see a human being, thought it
more prudent to come in on both sides of him
and therefore the one continued where they then
were whilst the other advanced around a hill
and then both were to advance simultaneously
upon their victim. But judge of their dis-
appointment as they with rifle leveled at their
expected foe, to behold in its place their friend
Farcoke And much more to astonish them
he was leaning over the corpse of the Homocid
Peter Hungerman who he with his own hand had
killed. And also judge of his surprise when
the three mutually joined their hearts and joined

that each had been sent on the same bloody errand
by Tookalookay with the same assurances of his
regards

Not as rivals of the more enlightened chiefs
those mistle swain deal with each other
But here upon the spot chiefs they pledge themselves
to forsake the venomous charmer. And in con-
sult chiefs they sever from the body of their victim
the gashy features and returning they with an
accursed present send to Tookalookay

One moment only they pause to gaze upon
the vengeful satisfaction which seemed to settle
upon her countenance. Then turning away left
her to her own deep thoughts. Each resolving
to see her no more

It matters little to this
tale whatever became of that revengeful daughter
of eve. Although she had vowed to love
the three young men before mentioned yet that
sentiment turned from love had died from her
bosom when she saw the object of her first
affection carried from a bleeding murdered wife

She since had nursed a feeling for revenge
and since that propensity had been stiated it
seemed that her mission in this world had been
faithfully performed and now her work was ended

Whether any one ever moved
or died for her honor I know not. But
it is certain she never was bound with
bonds of matrimony and died at an advan-
ced age.

But not so with poor farcole
for in extricating the homocidic he himself
became one nearly as detected. Which I
will in the sequel show

The capture and final destruction of Hungermann was soon known throughout the place. And as the very name of the murderer had become a fear through their superstition. Of course all must rejoice at being relieved of such a pest. And with the first impulse Parock was applauded by all as the deliverer.

And thus time rolled on and Hungermann was completely forgotten. But not so the one whose hand had dealt the finishing stroke. But gradually and imperceptibly there grew a superstitious fear of Parock. And even the children caught the infection and would shun him as some ferocious beast. And thus Parock's triumph. He had never taken a wife but a sister of his who was partially blind had done his work and lived in sometimes one and sometimes another igloo just as accommodations would admit. But at last no one would keep him. And so he built a small place of his own and he and the decried old maids live a solitary life. No one ever called upon him and if perchance he had occasion visit a neighbour he was eyed as though an expectant knife was ready to leave the heart of any one who should happen to be back to in his presence.

Still he must hunt over the same grounds. Wander over the same fields of ice in quest of Nit Chuck. And paddle his kias over the same waters. And as superstition has never been known to subside. But on the contrary it must build itself up until some great reaction must take place. Now at last it became worse about that even the game on which they depended for subsistence forsook the grounds on which he trod. And the waters over which his kias went. At last the whole settlement was destroyed and the people with one accord sought to make their new camping grounds far from

The Lambs of Parco But no sooner had they settled in their new abode. Then Parco came and built also himself an igloo by himself. though within half a mile of the others. How unnatural it is for man to be alone. Now this man of nature although he knew that he was detested still rather than he so certainly alone he rather choose to be within the vicinity of his enemies.

When it became known at the settlement that their new hunting grounds was to be subject to Parco. And that superstitious fear which come over all again shrouded their peace and so they called a meeting and conducted to rise to the country of such a feat. All agreed that was the only thing now left to be done. And though the meeting held to a late hour, how no who should strike the blow was not mentioned. Whether it was alluded to or not in their own minds there are purposes to the subject.

Although I have remarked how screaming the maiden Inukhookey was. I will now on the other hand remark what simplicity and fines in the council of those brave hunters. It would seem that although all agreed that the man must be removed yet the simple idea did not occur then that any there must or could perform the deed.

And so the assembly dispersed with an general understanding that the man must be — what — killed — Husbands told their wives that he was to be killed. Sons told their mothers the same story. And soon all told the same story and the fact was established and strange as the proceedings were it was promptly executed. As if some higher will than man was superintending the whole affair. and all of these men run unconsciously into his own snare.

Parok having become accustomed to his outcast life was content to know that he lived and moved in common with those neighbours which detested him. He and his sister who lived in and took care of his igloo seemed to enjoy themselves somewhat, that is as far as any one could tell.

One afternoon Parok was returning from a hunt loaded with the spoils of the chase and as though chance would have it so he came upon a party of hunters who were also returning from a hunt though on unsuccessful one. Parok no sooner perceived with ^{what} success his brethren had spent the day and free by offered to share his gains with them and spread his loads out before them. And their sharpened appetites forbade their refusal. And after having helped themselves to a hearty meal they all started on their journey homeward together. All talking of the various incidents of a hunters life &c, until they came to the point where the homeward paths led contrary ways. And as Parok singled out in his path alone dreaming not of danger, on the contrary feeling satisfied with him himself that he had done one good act to his brethren, which they would give him credit for and perhaps be more united towards himself.

But too to repay his act of kindness he beholds them standing watching him with their weapons ready for action. He too pauses when seeing their threatening attitude and cries down his back not believing to himself was the meditated victim. One of the three Hungrykarr I name now

deliberately walked up to Perke with
knife in hand and hurried it deep in
his bosom. Perke now made one effort
to escape but again receiving a cut directed
to his assassin who finished his bloody work
with pity. The two spectators now made
a last retreat refusing to accompany the
new murderer to their settlement.

Thus we see that Hungryfarr has taken
the life of the guilty murderer and at the
same time taken the guilt upon his own
shoulders. Not only the guilt but he must
inherit all the inconveniences of an outcast
Ame from this instance. Hungryfarr was
transformed from a leading member of the
tribe to a forsaken miserable wretch.
Ame why should he voluntarily take this
great obligation upon himself.

It was the rude instinct of an
uncultivated mind. It was the lack of
that education which more civilized society
bestows upon mankind. Mankind is no
more nor less than the brute if reared by
its natural instinct.

Poor Hungryfarr has made the great mistake
of life which he never shall be able to make
right again. His fellow men will never forgive
a deed which they all was ready to do themselves.
His fate is sealed for life. Like an erring woman
though they entreat the world however so penitent they
can never be restored to their former favor.
This is an injustice which cannot be remedied.
Though we all may pity and even desire to replace
them to their former position still the heart will
instinctively recoil from them.

But Hungryfarr has no notion of being left behind as Parok was before him. And although he was detested by his own kind still he imagined he could not do without them. Hungryfarr has a wife and two children. Two little girls who are of the ages of 9 & 12. The older being blind of one eye. His wife is some forty years old. In his igloo and belonging to his household is another man and a little son of 2 years. Anelicketon is the name of the hunter which occupies the whole of the outcast.

I am told by the natives here that before the murder of Parok this Hungryfarr was one of the first men among them. But now to my knowledge he is just as much degraded as the lowest pauper of our country. He is a noted liar and what ever he will lay his hands upon is shure to appropriate. If there is a dirty job to be done Hungryfarr is the first applies to. He provides his family with the most disgusting articles the country affords. and these because he can obtain them without labour. I have seen his igloo filled up with stale whale meat, foxes, and when a dog happens to be killed. Hungryfarr is shure to look after the carcass. I have engaged his son Sam. have known him to go on board of a school vessel and dispose of one for just half what I was to give him. just for the sake of telling a falsehood and thereby realize the curse which is upon him.

These people remind me of the ancients who went forth to single combat and old feuds continued through several generations.

Now there is a youngster growing to manhood whose these people have chosen to avenge the death of Parok. And he seems to acquiesce readily to the proposed arrangement. I asked him if he really should shoot Hungryparr. O yes he says when I am a man. And I believe that thought will grow within him until it is really a fact. And this goes to prove how essential it is to rear children to ideas of true merit.

Now this child of nature believes himself to be the future avenger of Parok and the champion of right. Little dreaming that the deed no sooner performed than he assumes all the responsibilities which have been the burden of Hungryparr.

Not only the boy seems innocent of these facts but the tribe in general seems to think that it would be a great honor to rid the community of such a pest as Hungryparr. But the act once executed and these same advisers would be ready to persecute their tool for the very act which they themselves had urged him to do.

But time will disclose the end of this line of tragedies. Or if Hungryparr should happen to die a natural death before some one relieves him of the burden of life then perhaps the curse which was to be exacted upon the third and fourth generation has found its last victim.

So Hungryparr I leave you to fate hoping none may follow in thy footsteps.

February 1868

Death of Kukin, a native of some forty years of age. Last fall when we arrived here this native was scarce able to leave his bed. He having no family was taken in by one of his neighbors where he has been through the winter until the last of January.

I have seen and conversed with him several times through the winter. He seemed to entertain an idea that there was an hereafter for his soul. But his limited reason seemed confused beyond comprehension when I told him there was both a good place and a bad one and to one of these he must surely go.

And here is another instance of the influence which early education has over the mind. They have a faint idea of an over ruling power or powers. For instance if they should capture an ogzog or walrus there is to be no more work done on deer skin for a certain number of days. Or in case the ice is unfavorable to sealing they meet together in an appointed place and hire an Incooter to howl and perform all kinds of gymnastics (An Incooter is a person who has gone through certain certain grades and performances, fastings and other stipulations, and as striking out of the same cup for so many years, when they are supposed to have an influence with the Loos or a power over future events. And these receive a compensation for striking diseases from the sick, and bringing good weather good hunting and good luck to whom they will.)

Beyond those rites poor Foutin has
but a confused idea. His wants were
very simple. Such a tobacco matches and
sometimes a little eaty. He expressed a
great desire to go to America and see
a doctor. The last of January he
lost the use of his legs which he declares
was sudden and the last time I saw him
alive he said he was all dead excepting
his breast and head. It is considered
a dreadful thing for a person to die
in an igloo while other natives are
living and they resort to unbecoming
barbarities to rid themselves of the sick
and dying. And Foutin was placed
alone in a snow hut to die by himself
although now and then someone would
call and see how he was getting along.
One day I was sent for to go and
see him. He had concluded that
he would be better off dead and was
to be carried out and laid upon
a snow bank to freeze to death.
I told him that would not be right
but when the Almighty wants him he
would much rather find him in the
Igloo. I made easy converts to my idea
both of him and the other natives.
I then asked him if he could think of
something which I could do for him.
And he thought he could eat something
tart. So I left him and went on
boerck and had a cranberry pie made
which I sent on shore to him.
The next day I was sent for to come
on shore. which I went and found

poor Kutin died and all the natives
beside in the greatest consternation waited
Nobody dared to go to the hut where he
lay, but were running about in squeals
As soon as they saw me they gathered ab-
out me as though they expected great conso-
lation. But I told them that it was
their next duty to see his remains moved
to their best resting place. O dear me they
could not touch him as some great calam-
ity would surely befall them. I sent a
boat for half a dozen men, which came
and with shovels tore down his hut
and upon a sledge carried his remain-
s up on the high land and carried them
ried them. If they had had the
power I should have been sentenced to
some great penance. Though they were
very glad to have me do as I had
done. Now there were a certain
number of slaves set apart for
discontinuous work upon deer skins.
I have known stout rugged natives
to be taken sick and when they become
very low, or when the natives concluded
that the sick one could not recover I
have seen the house which contained them
hauled down upon their heads.
Though in a savage state they were
frightened out of their wits at death
and believe the dying ones best wish
must surely come to pass. Therefore
they in their superstition dare not kill
or streak to kill for fear they shall
not give the finishing stroke instantly and give
the victim time to wish them good. great harm

My second voyage to this country is nearly at an end for some reason or other I am not infested with a certain disorder which seems to rule the most of people which continue to visit this country. I do not mean any disorder of the physical system but the mental. And our country people are represented as an enlightened race. reared in the very midst of civilization. On the other hand here is a race of people scarcely above the brute creation ones far more filthy & person which has not seen would hardly credit in what low condition human beings could be content to live. (Beast with vermin ones feeding off the entrails of the animals which they capture. Their greatest rarity is the entrails of a deer in their natural state. Though I do believe they prefer them to venison. But we have instances (and many) of our countrymen who seem to look upon them as a superior race and court no other society whilst they remain in the country and seek to lavish upon them the greatest favors possible. But somehow my fancy does not run that way. And I believe it is because I am too ugly (which affected ones will seem to think) or not I do not know. But one thing is certain I not only detest the ways and habits of the race but look upon those their worshippers as beings that have fallen and lost all respect for sisters Mothers. wives and daughters. I cannot see myself

December 1867

It seems a flighty dream that I
Had lately passed from ocean strife
And found beneath my native sky
A home in happy quiet life

I jogged when the whiteneest sail
Unfolding down from gasket free
Was spread before the frolic gale
Which shrieked along our homeward lee

And when I leaped upon the steamer
Which lines Atlantic's western shore
My childhood home Colombia's land
Where I had promised never more

To see those hills with all I loved
Sink down behind the hated main
For oft such follies I had proved
Too often to repeat again

But some doomed spell I know not why
Clings to my soul and points away
To distant hopes until I fly
My peaceful home, and then I stray

O'er foreign seas and distant wilds
Still seeking hopes which fleet before
Those fancies which are but a child's
Of which there is a bounteous store

For youth and for ^{my} riper age
Though after sought, are yet unknown
And but some names gleam on page
Has marked a joy surpassing home

truth is stranger than fiction
and many truths were much better
better were they really fiction

4
December 1867

And here am I Look about me
See those snow-capped heaps of ledges
Below Zero. Here counts for
Temperance freezing whips the pledges

Look, the tide marks high and low
Bury or bare in massive windows
I think who reads this, I just know
See and feel just how things go

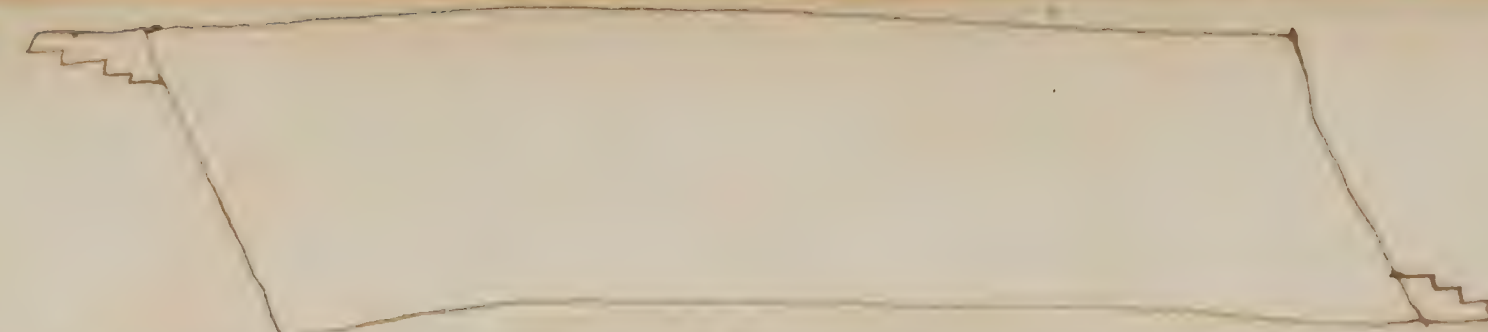
London's natives watching seal-holes
All-day-long now turn their heads
And, their booneys, still the thing goes
Flirt or fall Or so 'tis said

Jack-Jars good God see them stringing
Seeking something who can guess
Some are going, others coming
Some are wrangling what a mess

Get others closing now and then
Boast themselves not common sailors
Still you in fact to make them men
Should multiply them into tenters

I, twice once but here reversion
Rules the topic of the day
Sailors damn them an eversion
Sours each thought which turns that way

Yes I will curse them when I feel
The sting my early pride received
Once I bestowed a brother's weal
Now hate where then I had but grief



Fright of the goose I must convey
Thy smallness Let me not declare
But only blush and point away
Unto the Presidential Chair

From this digression to and fro
Ours the tailors let's go back
To seek the ice and Esquimaux
The trail we first began to track

Still I shall write though I offend
The upper town and all of that
The broken throat no man can mend
Although with words he may retract

Reluctant I have sorely cried
To all this earth has to me given
And to the winds each joy I threw
As by some transient instinct driven

But fate has worked some subtle will
And poured its gall upon my peace
Through sad experience I find me still
Far from that hope which dreamed release

By the morning sun in splendor mounts
Its throne ethereal, whilst below
In whispered murmurs, crystal founts
Open'd to the brooklets onward flow

But all the beauty nature seals
Has not one moment calm'd my soul
I turn me from those rosate fields
To seek my wilder paths of dol

One power alone has calm'd the name
Which beats upon life's already shore
But soon again those tempests rave
To last I fear forevermore

Unless my weary footsteps speed
Abe to the brink of Lethe stream
And there to slip from its dark bed
Eternal sleep without a dream

But I would choose if life again
Or consciousness were to me given
To sleep forever and to dream
Of this I love, it were my heaven

Dinner January 1868

As this book is intended for you and I am in the humor of writing to you I do not see where the impropriety shall be if I just in a letter form insert a few sentiments.

I am now just recovering from a nervous escape of my life. And as yet I cannot say how it will turn with me. However as I have but just had a ~~turn~~ ^{turn} over and came off ~~sensitized~~ I thought it would do to call myself pretty well.

The last I remember on the day I was hurt I was upon deck talking to a native. I suppose I endeavored to cross the main hatch end that being off on one end I went down followed by the hatch. But I lost all consciousness of the affair as I only could remember talking with the native upon deck. But I was found there senseless with the hatch beside me. Capt Allen sent on board the Scotch vessel and the Capt thereof came on board and after awhile succeeded in restoring me to consciousness. I find my shoulder out of joint, and back end side very badly injured. Beside a bruise upon the back which left me with a severe headache. I have drawn a plaster upon my forehead which relieves me much. I am afraid that there is yet some bone out of place. I don't know but my shoulder blade is fractured as there seems to be the center of my pain. But I have great hopes of being able to participate in the Spring of sailing about Oct.

I have just heard some very startling news from Niatlet. A Dog team has just arrived from Akolekitluner and report from Niatlet direct. The Barke Andrews is ashore with her cargo. She is reported stowed and the tide rises and falls within her hull. The crew are upon Harason Isdenes &c. The Schooner Isabella is ashore on Black's Lead Island. She is reported to float every half tide. It shall be the case she will be used as a string. Her crew are on shore. The Schooner Era is or has been driven from her winter quarters in company the Schooner District. They were last heard of about the gulf abandoned. Their crews living opposite them on the shore where they have succeeded in removing their provisions to

This news I say if all true is very startling. Our good Barke Milwaukee being the only conveyance to the coast excepting the very small schooner traveling which will now can do but little towards transporting so many people home. But humanity calls for action. And we can only hope that the early spring may give us a few barrels of oil and at the opening of the gulf we I suppose must away for home with a freight of human souls.

The Andrews undertook to winter just where the Webster dies in G.C. but in a gale the ice broke up and drove her ashore. The great overruling Providence has seen fit to punish those people who were so ready to boast of their better judgment and giving to themselves all the honor of their previous successful voyage. Perhaps this lesson may teach them that God exalts whome he will.

January 1868

It is Sabbath evening and I am just returned from an expedition from up Kinto fever Saturday morning early I and one of our natives (Sickaleer by name) took ten dogs and concluded that a tramp would do us some good. There being a few natives squatting about fifty miles up the river we concluded to go there and in one of these very short days we arrived there. Those natives were very much surprised to see a white man in that region and in their surprise I took some lungout (Kochlooner) white man) I took some bread and coffee and soon had a supper which they all eat heartily and thankfully. I bought what few skins that I could and on the morrow was ready to start bright and early. On our way back back we also visited several Igloos and I got what few foxskins I could muster. I arrived here before supper and was too tired to relish that meal.

But what was very surprising was to see how long the dogs could go without food and still keep up incredible speed. The night before starting we gave those dogs a very slight supper and not another morsel did they receive whilst we were away. Nor did they show any symptoms of hunger.

Doctor Kane in his voyages said that these esquimaux dogs would travel with ease (and that we believe) but when he said with ease with five hundred pounds to each dog and an distance of sixty miles per day I for one doubt the assertion very much. If he had said fifty pounds to each dog I would have believed him just for accommodation.

To the Sun. on its first beam here again

I hail thee peeping o'er the hill
With joy which kindles on my sight
Behold thy welcome beam again
From the dismal gate of night

In thy long absence none can tell
How time uncheered has crept along
While sleep has lost its charm to soothe
While nature mingles right with wrong

To thy continued presence here
We cannot claim exclusive right
Since thou must cross the tropic sea
And break the great Antarctic night

Blessed is the land which fell beneath
Thy summer pathways rose stream
And blessed are those whose better fate
Should fall beneath thy lasting beam

But do those people who have seen
Thee daily in thy glorious march
Ever think to bless thy morning beam
With a beam of welcome from the heart

Let fancies clink to latitudes
Where months of darkness drag along
Then dream how joyful you could bless
The first ^{fit} beam of rose morn

It is no marvel then that we
In robes of skin too heavily clad
To see the summer king arise
Should cheer. Because our hearts are glad

A night among the woolies

I was in the fall of 67 that I was off on a cruise up a river which made some 75 miles into the Solenets of Cumberland. On my journey down I was overtaken by a furious gale which did not give me time either to get on shore or into a harbor. Therefore I was forced to ride it out in an open boat and in a boisterous gulf. My second mate was also in my company with another boat. met ourselves and the two boats crews numbered 12. I made an effort to land upon a large Solenet at the mouth of the gulf. But after getting my backmen drenched through with salt water and sleet. And coming in contact with rocks from which we very narrowly escaped saving our boat. Finding there could be no shelter for us I concluded to make the best of it and meet all events as cool as possible. Therefore I pulled as near in shore as I possibly could and dropped anchor. I then ordered the second mate to drop his directly off shore and then haul the two boats sterns together. Therefore the offshore anchor would prevent us from dragging on shore and the inshore anchor would prevent us from dragging to sea. As the wind beneath this Solenet (which was not less than 1000 feet high) was coming in heavy squats or woolies from all points of the compass. Every thing being arranged I spread out my sail to shelter the crew which were all wet, while the snow and sleet was making a clean breach over us. I took my position in the stern of the boat to watch the coming crises. But to endeavour to give a description

of the force of those woolies would be a task beyond the capacity of my brain. Sometimes when for one moment there appeared to be a lull a gust would seem to fall from those mountains and bury all beneath it. Sometimes they would bring down heavy stones which would bounce from one declivity to another down to the waters edge. And sometimes carry them outside of the boats. But though some means or other were found to keep the boats afloat. And so I sat in breathless suspense whilst some of the crew through exhaustion were actually snoring. Sometime about midnight the second mate anchored the boat and I found mine dragging towards deep water and I with great effort succeed in arousing the second mate and after awhile succeeded in regaining our old position.

At the flood tide the second mate heeled me and heeled his boat making water very fast in a cross sea. I ordered him to shift his bow foot which he did and managed to keep afloat. Sometimes a woolley would be coming from off shore which rips up the water with a continual rushing sound. Dreadful long was that night and many times did my imagination go from thence to my friends far away. I supposed them sleeping secure from all danger, while the cold winds did not penetrate. And too I thought that they perhaps were even then dreaming of me as a wanderer or some pleasant sea where naught but pleasure was ever known.

The morning came and with it new hopes. Daylight is a cheering guest when darkness has bound you in its doubtful coils. And although the gale was yet raging still it seems more cheerful to see one know what was about.

although it be an impending danger. But to feel that
you were in danger in the dark it leaves a suspense
which by no means is agreeable.

About the middle of the forenoon
we up anchors and concluded to make an effort
toward home as the gale had somewhat abated.
Though we often got a volley which would take
the oars out of water. But after we got
clear of the Llanos the wind became more
steady and we set our sails close reefed.

For about ten miles we made a streak
of foam which would have been a big commotion
in smaller water. Strives on board and
found our best bow gone.

Now here is more trouble. Half our faith
have our security is gone and something must be
done. After considering it a while we concluded
to get underway and go up to Kinval and
try to purchase one from the N. H. Steamer
Nimrod. And as we last made half
the distance the wind came out ahead and
left us to beat some fifty miles which
we directly commenced doing. But soon there
came up a heavy snowstorm which flushed
out our purposes somewhat. But onward we
pressed though cautiously. Several times we
factored ship by the side of rocks which
to rise in an instant all about us.
On the third night I went up and
relieved the Capt at eleven o'clock.
He reported as near as he could guess (for
that was our only guide) we was just below
Ossack and near the mouth of the
gulf. Therefore I took an south and
double bottomed an east bow. At the
same time noting every indication

strange &c. About midnight whilst
going very brisk through the water, the vessel
ran upon a sunken rock with such force
that everything moveable was turned topsy-turvy.
And the next moment the ship's head was almost
pointing to the sky. The next moment
she gave one tremendous roll and went
down into deep water again. I soundered
the pumps and found her all right and
tight. But we did not give up the cruise
but made sail and the next morning
found ourselves off our destinations harbor.
But it would be a big thing if I was
able to write and give the idea of one
half of the excitement which existed
on board the vessel during that cruise.

But after all our journey
was a useless one as we were unable
to obtain an anchorage. And on the succeeding
day we up Sticks and returned to Regenton
Harbor where we narrowly escaped being
driven down the gulf by another gale from
the North. When we anchored
in the harbor we were scarce of anything
but an ice-barge. And taking the whole
affair through it was quite an incident
for me to pass in the short time of one
week.

February 1868

To day I am forty six years old
It seems but a short time since I
imagined that a person 56 years old
was comparatively an old person
But how different it seems to me now
I cannot make it appear that
I am anything more than a young man still
Time waits for no man and it will be
but a shadow of time before I shall
be ready to die if I should happen to live

Here I am abstaining from the
greatest joys of life just for the sake
of amassing a little wealth What a foolish
notion In case I should sometime be rich it
will only be obtained just as I shall stand
upon the brink of a gaping grave

But some will argue that it is very
nice to leave something for those coming
after But that is an absurd idea
I only wish that my offspring may
receive a good education and meet
the world upon its own resources

It is not my wish to rear up posterity
to be maintained off of my bare experience
It ^{is} meet that every one should know the
world And in order to know the world
we must first know ourselves which we
can never do without we shall depend
upon our own exertions And many that
have a plenty never realize from whence
it came but die in indolence at last

Ambrose

March 1868

Passage of

Wednesday March 4th I with a native
Eng (name) started for Niatlet with a team
of thirteen dogs. The gulf being frozen well
down we made a direct course and arrived
on Black Lead Island at 2 P.M. where
we found the crew of the wrecked Barke
Andrews Also the crew of the Isabella which
is now lying on the beach of Series Island
with a slight prospect of getting off in
the spring

My business on that side was
to purchase an anchor in case the possibility
of taking it over was surmountable. which
I deemed probable. There was an anchor
of 2000 pounds in the wreck. But being
refused that unless or until the wreck
was sold. I prevailed on Capt Saccari
to note and sell the wreck what I
was then. Which he accordingly did
and after stopping there four days I
bought the Barke on which was and all things
attached at auction for the sum of \$
In the mean time there was a snow
storm and gale which made the passage
back with a load very doubtful

However I took the rings of the anchor
shot and went back to Tregitors
I found that the gale had blown
the snow from the ice and the traveling
not as bad as might be supposed

Now Capt Allen commenced in real
earnest to gather dogs for my return
to the wreck. As things now began
to take a positive form

the Gulf in midwinter

On the 14th I sent our second mate by the way of Timmar with a team of ten dogs to hire all the dogs he could by the several settlements. he would just and join me at Niattlet.

And with 12 dogs I again crossed over to Niattlet. It being Saturday night I could not obtain help until Monday even.

On that day with the help of Capt Bailey of the Laskella and Nge the mate of the Andrews I succeeded in getting the anchor out and over to Black Lead Island.

and loaded upon a sled already to start the morning following.

Tuesday morning the second mate not being on hand and I have increased my dogs to 23 I hired another native with the dog I had with me and made a start.

I found that 23 dogs were required to make any progress whatever and very after I was forced to stop and let the dogs rest. The weather being thick I soon lost sight of land and directed our course by the wind.

As night came along the dogs gave out and we concluded to camp. I had 200 pounds of whale meat which the dogs eagerly devoured.

The natives built a snow hut and with the fat of seal built a fire and made some coffee which was very acceptable just then. I slept some through the night and at daylight sighted Denng Island near where the Milwood was lying. We then passed

March, 1868 though a spring
up. on bricked harnesses and was
under way. I found my nose frozen
somewhat but the expectation must
not fail and at four o'clock I
had the pleasure of seeing the
anchor along side the Milwood
which is more than was ever under-
taken in this gulf.

But where is the Kinross team
which must necessarily be a long time
in get round as the dogs are going and
the distance great. But he arrives
home just 24 hours behind the Anchor

Last fall we came very near
losing the ship in search of an
anchor and finally had to borrow
one from a Scotch vessel called the
Kate and commanded by one Capt.
Fraser. Now he seeing us in
distress almost thought he would make
us come to his terms and buy his anchor
and pay him with our whale line
which we have none to spare. So
he laughed at the idea of crossing
the gulf with 2000 pounds of Iron
upon a sloop. And when he found
that I had actually gone with my
team. he sent for his anchor
which Capt Allen returned to
him. So soon as then goes off
to a native wharf belongs to our ship
and returns saying that he Capt Fraser
has bought the Native line. But in
this he must fail as the line is
over the milwood and seems likely to

month it is our severest weather
stay there. At the end of the season we
shall be able to wheather we can agree with
the scotch people or not. But I do believe
the intent to make trouble for somebody
At least so they threaten.

Now I am able to declare just how much
a dog can draw and how long a nature
in case he is well fed and cared for
My 23 dogs brought as near 2500 as could be
and we traveled from 25 to 30 miles in ten
hours and I do not believe that we
could have spared one dog. This does
not agree with Dr Kane's assertion when he
says that a dog can travel 60 miles a
day with 600 pounds attached. So I shall
stick to my old assertion that a dog in
traveling to make passage should not draw
more than 500 pounds and the less
the better.

March 1868

How oft I've seen my fellow men
Delighted though my soul were wrung
With sad and lonely thought, but then
This heart could never love but one

Some ninety of a hundred I
Have found will never be alone
But joy around me as I sigh
And always love and cling to one

Oft o'er the wild waves distant flow
Sorrowing I have rolled along
When saddest thoughts were creeping low
Hope ever anchored to that one

When as I hear the merry cheer
Circling round a giddy throng
I scarcely pause to lend an ear
But museing dream of one alone

When fortune seems to smile again
O'er the dark hours so oft I've borne
Hope spans the mighty spreading main
And links my fate to one alone

March 1868

When victory crowns my every wish
And all I ever asked is done
Immortal dreams of home and bliss
And Heaven and Hope is there in one

When if desponding instinct seem
Drooping o'er some penching doom
Uprising hope flies to redeem
A heart which long must love but one

When dangers passage grim and stark
Which on my pathway aft has come
I ever find within my heart
One only dread, to leave that one

O! Thou immortal Gods who hold
Power's unlimit — And controule
Ten thousand worlds, still at thy will
Numbers countless deeds were done
Make thus my hope immortal still
To cling eternal unto one

3 March — 1868

We react as some are before our time has come
Know Thy Self. Still another will say when
you know thyself, then be thyself. Now I believe
that most of the human family are not proof
against change though perhaps there are exceptions
I will not say that it is impossible for me
to change, but I really believe that before
the time shall come that I could change as
some have already done. the course of nature
itself must meet with some confusion
The adjoining piece is an example of the
fickleness of the fickle world in general
And I still believe that every word those
poets spoke were from the inmost soul

One even-tide two lovers sit
Below an elm-tree drooping boughs
In secret one was listening to
What then they deemed were sacred vows

To have a name just let us call
This honest couple George and Jane
But whether plumes were kept or not
To me and you it were the same

Says George, dear Jane my ^{earliest} youthful hope
Has ever pointed ~~unto~~ ^{to} thee
And I could seek no other joy
Without you life were naught to me

Though earth should lend her ^{all other} nearest joy
And rich boudoirs were to me given
While beauty spared me not of smiles
Without you I could know no Heaven

March 1868

Give in profusion all other ^{the newest} joys
My wildest hopes and pillowed ease
And bring me here an Eastern Spring
Fanned by the ocean's cooling breeze

While golden treasure shower down
For me praises pomp and glory
Still ~~you~~ not there my dearest Jane
This life would be an empty story

And I through weary time must see
Life and its changes fear by fear
Though other hearts around me joyed
To me this world were dark and drear
Now gentle one relieve me from
This wild suspense and say that you
Will be my Angel here on earth
And walk beside me whilst I live
To every word and deed and thought
Shall guide you ^{me} o'er life's pathway through
When youth and beauty both are gone
Our love shall live and still be new

With all the faith life ever knew
This maiden gave her heart away
Invoking Angels too to hear
And note each word those lips should say

With all the truth a loving heart
Can pledge, mine pledges unto thee
To cheer you through life's darkest hour
My greatest joy shall ever be

March 3

And clasped to hand there pledged again
How faithful they would ever be
Whilst to each word an earnest lent
To seal its true sincerity

When night upon her ^{shadowy} wing
"Slept gentle" from the morning beam
And o'er the Eastern Hemisphere
Flooded twilight's golden stream

Which pressing back the gates of night
Left dages bright banners there unfurled
To float upon the morning breeze
And wake again the sleeping world
A greeting to the waking world

And then those fond those loving hearts
Dore from each other thus to hide
Their own great joy from the world
Which ever leans the selfish side

Thus months, yea several years had passed
And oftentimes oftentimes o'er again
They dreamed beneath each others smile
And in themselves a heaven claimed

But an unkind word unguarded state
Where but loves precepts ^{not had} ~~they~~ wandered
And silence followed thought estranged
For some dismal prospect ~~pandered~~

The change which followed asked not why
Those ^{greenish} ~~summer~~ ^{sweet} eyes which stole the night
Had found a limit and no more
Extended to the morning light

March

The loneliness still each little act
Its cheerfulness our time revealed
Marked not the silence which may fan
The slightest breath into a gale

The expectant hour when they should meet -
Was aught no more in restless mood
Those formal greetings frightened back
The cheerful grace of womanhood

And thus at last they have outgrown
What now they termed their childish love
Still dreaming never that in time
They would change or faithless prove

The frequent hours they pressed together
Starged reflections within light
Which fair had spread its pinions over
The doubtful past and early flight

But duty calls the man away
A few short months, perhaps no more
But he would hasten to return,
And all the love which childhood bore
Preserves now, the world could boast
No deeper heart felt parting scenes
Yet childhood yet, maturer years
Supplants the age of youthful dreams

But now alone reflection spread
Far out upon the world
And all the sorrow pride would bring
To make the plea which faith withheld
And sailing over the crowded past
But deepened more the blushing cheeks
For Lancelot the whole a silly thing
And so the heart itself willed

The love which turned to rain regret
Was not with hardness men alone
No woman though some men declare
So faithlessness are ever prone

March

But mutual discord seemed to rise
In equal portions for the two
Without dispute or jealous fear
They changed and silently withdrew
x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x

O woman. pen and thought must fail
Which climbs to mark the married trail

As thou appears from nature's mould
It were a task quite easy told

But since with man the lot is cast
The present sleeps. I tell the past

The semblance see as from those steep
A rill down through the forest creep

Which bursting from the mountain side
Destined for oceans mighty tide

Leaps onward onward o'er the earth
Detaining still its chrysal north
Which marks its enined mountain birth

At last unconsciously it finds
Twining through those deep ravines

A stream has caught its crescent pride
Which deepens, and the whole is dyed
As founts of green down daisy shade

March 1868

Though thou should seek thy mountain home
Thy lost, and thou too are alone

Where none shall come that will redeem
Thy worth and beauty silver stream
+ x x x x x x x x x x

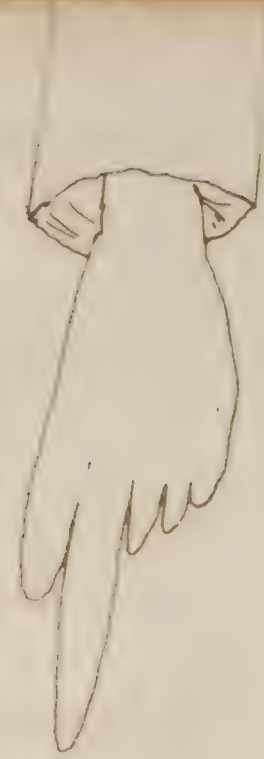
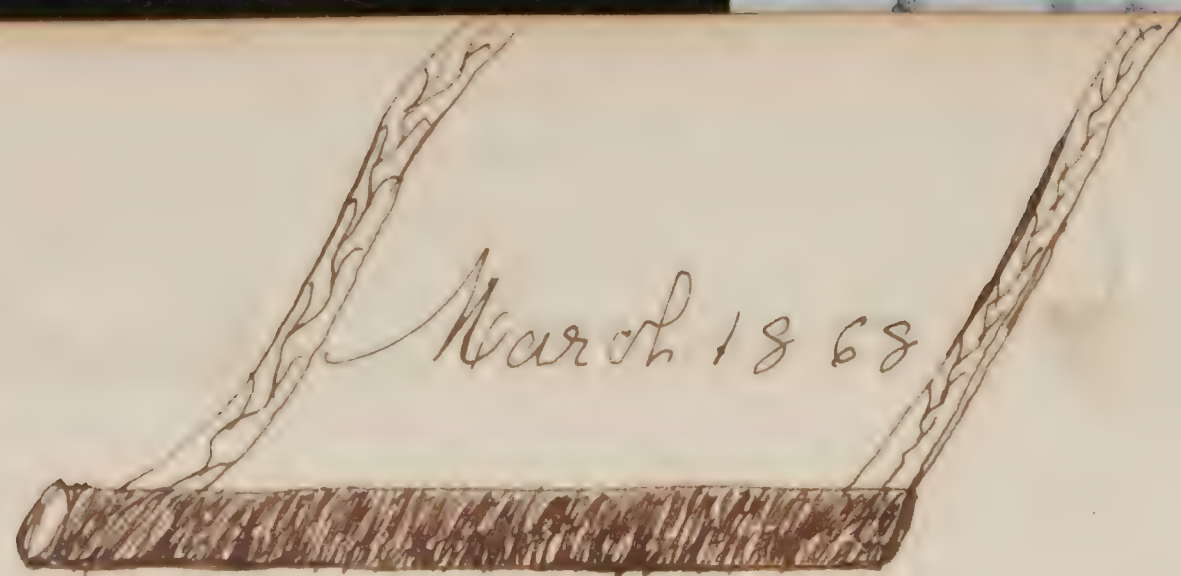
To know thyself O faithless man
Is but to know thou canst not stand

Thy word is but a fleeting breath
Once gone another lie is left

Then ask in whom you shall confide
And choose thyself who oft has lied

And shun each thought that can impart
An idea of thy villain heart

Get not content thou fair would know
The depth thy treacherous soul can go



Then pondering for thine own excuse
Find none and with a coward's brice

Again aspire to something good
And truly shame thine own mankind

Wrecks of innocence fallen large
Destruction marks ^{the} morbid way

A sound which haunts thy blackened soul
On thy lone ear must ever toll

Through the bright day thy woes are nigh
Through night thy horrors magnify

The sorrows which thy deeds have brought
To others, swell within thy thought

O turn not from a gaze which brings
Her memories forth thy deepest sins

For - Him shall shun thyself in vain
Thou sweet one now must weep again

Thou know thyself corruptions mass
But thou canst only know the past

April 1868

Yes April is here at last. But we can hardly say that it has brought spring with it. As yet we have not had weather to prepare for the coming expectant season. But why should I care when the gulf is frozen over and in case we should go off to find whales. In the first place we must go forty miles upon the ice and when there there live in tents and eat as we can catch it. Then supposing we should catch a whale, we could not get it to the ship. Therefore if we should be lucky enough to get to some shore we could cut the blubberous fish and perhaps if a thousand things which might happen, did not happen, we could save a part of some whale.

So there on the first day of Apr is our prospects. The old Milwoods lying quietly as a dark speck upon a vast plain of ice, 100 barrels of it to encourage us now that every hope of acting to it is past.

Yes all quiet except now and then a little turnover with little men with little minds. And it would be little credit to me were I to waste my ink to mark the little of some men's brain which are turned, for what reason. Good gracious and don't ask.

I have been among all nations but the most filthy loathsome race these Esquimaux are the worst of all actors. And a civilisation who has taught - let you the art of leveling itself with the lowest and most degraded loathsome condition the world might blush to own.

April 1868

List - There comes a low sweet voice
As children when their hearts rejoice
I love those tones, but still I feel
A pang which time can never heal
And glancing back o'er memories train
My soul leaps forth but how vain
It never can be mine again
Those guileless joys - alas - are gone
And vain regrets I drag along
But truth existed in the past
Which fled, but time must ever last
Here oft I seek the craggy cliffs
Whose peaks are ever bare and high
Lying winters gathering drifts
Whose masses on the lowlands lie
And there I seek some favored tree
To call the past again to me
Which flies on fancied outspread wings
And leaves me all it ever brings
Which is regrets of gathering years
Floating on retrospection's tears
Then to the future bleed and bare
I turn me, but no visions there
As in the past marks the right way
And another where I went astray
But there upon the wings of doubt
Between me and a deeper shade
Hope spreads its tattered banners out
Which fastens in the retrograde

April



1868

To Mary

Yes Mary lingering years have past
And you and me are not the same
Those fairy missions could not last
And never can return again
Nor would I be what I have been
And trace life's pathway back to them
Even now the very thought is pain
That ocean life though I were dead
Must haunt me with its living dread

But I must tell and it is true
Since those enchanted years have past
This world has brought me something new
Which proves the pearl of hope at last
But still you were a brilliant beam
Which sparkled in my boy-hood's dream
And we were all such youths could ask
Some baby dolls, but just one grade
The next would be a living hate

But somehow we did not aspire
For living pledges. We but asked
To stay the march of youthful fire
Whilst in its brighter beam we looked
Arid. A walk, an evening chat
A few shy kisses. What was that
Nothing. But some would call us fast
If they but knew. Mary farewell
Believe me I shall never tell

Apr 3 1868

Supposing there was a mail to start
from here tomorrow and I had just
now sit down to write a hurried letter to
Dear Annie

I am rejoiced to have this opportunity to report myself yet alive & hoping it will find you not only alive but well and happy & cheerful. But what a long time it seems since I started on this voyage. It seems almost impossible that you too have witnessed the time coming as tedious and tiresome as mine. I do not think that you are not bothered like me with all kinds of all nations. Sometimes I laugh to myself when I think how little the Queco people know of human depravity. My pen itself I own confesses would lose its martial feeling if once a confident to hear what those here with eyes can see if they should choose. But a truce to that and turn our thought to a happier subject. And what is there to occupy our thought more than coming home unless it is the prospect of our expectant voyage. But with me that is decided and when this comes to you, you may know that the Ber & Milwauke will return with about four or five hundred barrels and that will just about pay our expenses through the coming winter if we should make a tour through the South. However this is a part of life and when anticipation is no more, life will be our hell

Apr 3 1868

In fact I begin to be afraid that this gulf will not break up this season. Here on the 10th of this April the rigors of winter are unrelentingly clinging to us. But George I shall start for home in my whale boat before I spend another winter as this one. Though we have provisions to do so. But in 8 months time there will be very little if any provisions left with us if the consumption continues to that time as in the present.

To day we cut our last mass of potatoes. I do not pretend to say that we have had our regular potatoes through the winter. But now and then a mass of them. I have learned that a vessel can keep potatoes through winter in this latitude if a fire is kept burning night and day or through the day and part of the night and keep the potatoes in the room where the fire is. Behind the barrels which

held our potatoes there was considerable ice made. But the potatoes being raised some two feet from the floor there was no frost that penetrated to them.

But I do not believe it depends altogether upon the food a person eats, whether he thrives or not in this climate. My ideas are first of all guard against exposure and if you can have a very little comfortable exercise take it. But not expose yourself to cold or wet for exercise. Then have your sleeping apartment dry and comfortable. And it is also requisite that a person should keep up a cheerful temperament. And guard against costiveness.



And yet he comes not, though I see
The Herald mark his Barks again
How can he linger from me now
And tinge my greatest hope with pain

Am I not childlike thus to fear
He ever brings me some surprise
And in some unsuspected hour
Before me all my hopes arise

But each succeeding hour must bring
A wilder, deeper, sadder suspense
Which gathering mocks me here alone
I will not stay, I go from hence

And now I stand upon the spot
Where last he pressed the parting hand
His loneliness but mocks me as
A stranger in a stranger land

Again I stand beside the stream
Those flood gates answer to the ocean
There is rowers in its waters now
Hurrying on in wild commotion

April 1868

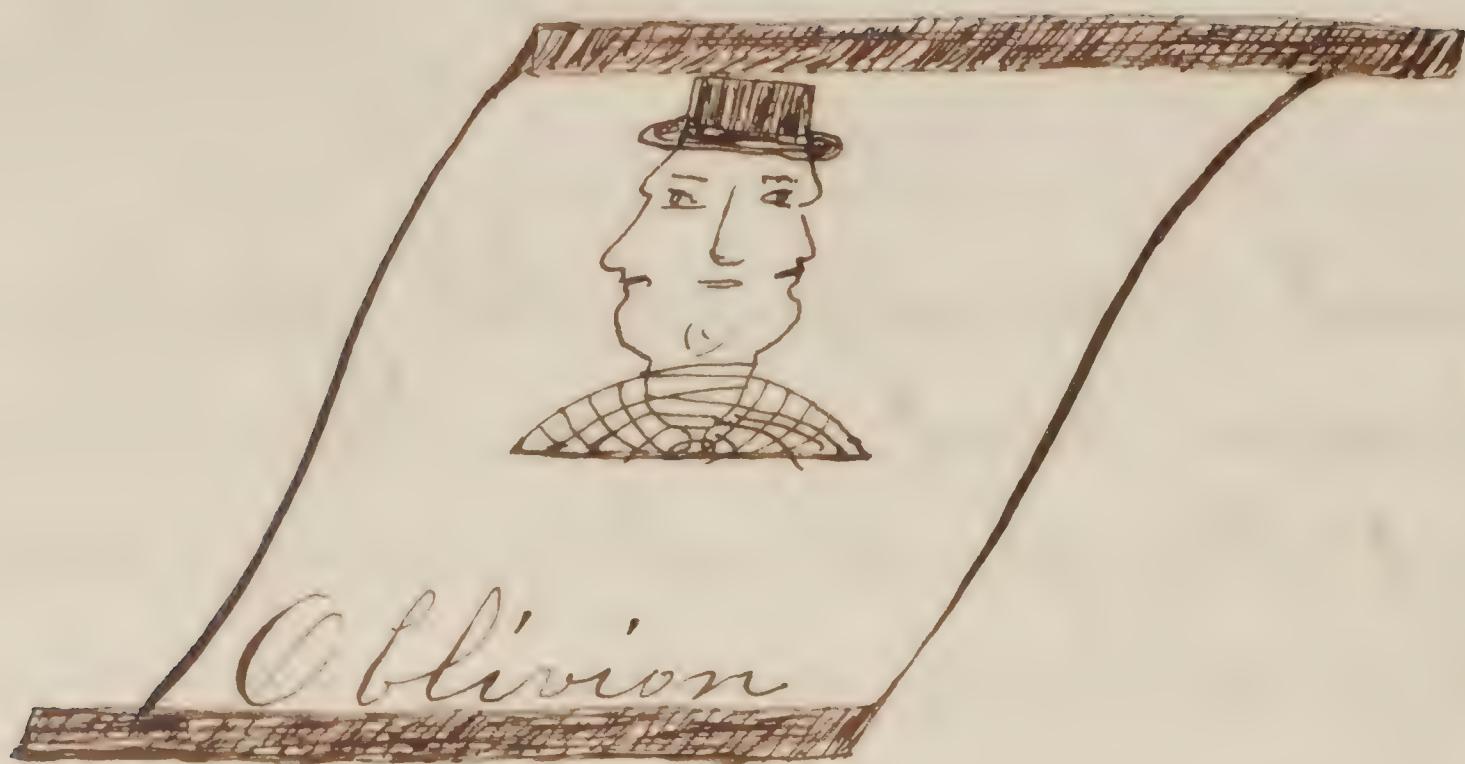
And pressing on the busy world
Scarcely heed me as they hurry by
And though I note each passing form
They all my anxious hopes deny

But I must give a last sad look
Upon the bark which bore away
The heart which asked to leave me on
That dreary dreary parting day

But O behold its tattered shrouds
Its gilded bride no more I see
But jostled and seared by tempest storm
And now the specter comes to me

But still I hear upon the deck
Merry ^{loud} voices ring I can't see
Who rises now to leap on shore
Who calls my name abroad. 'Tis he

Within lifes ranges day by day
The folly of all fear is seen
And thus the sailor told his bride
The Herald marks no quarantine)



Yes age creeps on But never mind
The present is near. Distant time
Will bring a day when all our gain
Our castled hopes and boasted name
Are left above an humble grave
Where soon Oblivion's mighty wave
Rolls over all Then no one there
If asked could tell me ever were

But man still claims another sphere
Where time shall roll But bring no seer
To mark decay. An endless year
Shall fill eternal space and bring
That promised life eternal spring
Oblivion then is but a dream
And Lethe too a fabled stream
A land of stories yet unseen

April 1868

Apr 12th I mustered up a team of dogs and with ten days provisions started up the Gulf to have a general inspection of disposition of different tribes of natives and the foreigners among them Also to survey the prospect and distance of our plan fishing.

About noon on the first day I stopped at a collection of Igloes (snow houses) some twenty miles from land upon the ice. This was a party of sealers hunting young seal. It being the season for seal pups. (which is in the full moon nearest to March and April) They come up through the ice under a snow bank and forming a cavity beneath the snow there have their pups. The natives (with their dogs to catch them out,) break through and carry off the young — which has a soft white woolly skin which serves to make the natives winter cloths and they also are a great rarity for Esquimaux ravenous appetite.

Well I stopped here and made some coffee of which the natives helped themselves plentifully. I then proceeded North and late in the evening arrived at another parties squating place and trees up for the night. Here was only two families which were over joyful to see a Esquimaux (white man) Here I also made coffee and the natives also partook of my hospitality. I carried my own bed which is a bag made of deer skin, and thus I stowed in one corner of the Igloo and crawled into it where I found myself late on the next morning. I roused out and went through all the forms of breakfast and got started rather late in the forenoon.

April 1868

On the morning of my second day the weather was foggy but I made a start for a settlement some 25 miles from where I then was and some 70 from the ship. Now I had neither compass or guide, I had a small Esquimaux bag which I brought to feed dogs and cat the same when I had let them loose through the night. But soon after the middle of the day I struck a trail which I followed and came to a settlement called Molly-Kiter Lumer (or mooner). This place is named after an old Lady by the name of Molly Kiter (which she told me was her real Esquimaux name). And she is a personage of no small account. She has a number of families settled around her, over which rules with despotic power. She never had children of her own but she has reared up quite a number which she obtained of those which rather spare them than keep them. But what is more astonishing she never had children but still nurses those obtained abroad. Even her own husband was brought up by her and nursed at her breast (and I do not know but he does still). Now Molly and I made some coffee and something to eat and I incared her favor. So she made me a present of a black seal skin (something very rare here). I remained here through the night and slept in Molly's Igloo and in the next morning had her work to get her up to make coffee, as she was up nearly all night doing some

kind of needle work. It seems to be a habit with these natives in general to work nights and then sleep through the day.

However on the morning of my third day I got under way with the sun high enough to be noon in this country. I drove along the west shore and saw no signs of life in the human form until late in the afternoon. Though we were now and then passing seals lances out upon the ice through holes which they had kept open through the winter. About 3 o'clock I discovered an object in the distance which looked more like a walrus than a seal. And as I approached it I discovered it neither bear nor walrus but an eskimau watching a seal hole where he had stood for two days with spear in hand. These seals have a number of holes which they open and the natives will wait and when they come there to breathe they fasten to them with a little harpoon and then cut the hole large enough to take them out. I left the old native there and some time after found another gang of natives with their snow houses upon the shore just inside the rough ice. Although the gulf freezes some 10 feet thick yet the rise and fall of the tide is the same, and from high to low water mark (the tide rises and falls 30 feet here) the ice in the fall commences to form in uneven broken masses, and so it continues to grow through winter until it is difficult to get through it especially at low tide, when it forms a wall of ice large some thirty feet high, though some places is broken and passable.

April 1868

I went to shore where I had been
to the hut where I was welcomed very
heartily. Some of them having known me
when I was here in the Webster
Anes although they offered me some of
their scant fare. They still expected much
more in return. Caffy is a great rarity
to them especially if sweetmeats. Early
the next morning I started as soon as pos-
sible being almost tired of the moose of them.

The next or fourth day I intended
to travel 70 miles and reach the schooner
Franklin which I knew was lying off the
Islands of Lucifit. But about noon
I got entangled in rough ice, even after
working my way into it about one hour I
gave up almost exhausted. After resting
awhile commenced retracing my back track
and at last got in shore on smooth
ice. Soon after I passed a Scotch whale-
-ing station called New Bogan which is
now in ruins. And though some natives
were staying here I did not call
but drove on in hopes of reaching
Egejuajin. But on our way we began
to feel some hunger, and laytees and
feet the dogs. Eat some hard bread ourselves
and though we opened a can of preserves
beef it was frozen so hard that we could
not even chip it off. However after shi-
-ving and shaking a long time got things
loose and again drove off. We was
crossing a deep bay in the gulf and all
was quiet but I was startled by

some voice almost along side of me and
though the ice was smoother and level for
two or three miles round, still a native had
got to me unperceived. It proved to be
an old acquaintance of mine & I gave him
a few cakes of bread and he went his
way rejoicing. But it was getting very late
and we very tired when we came upon two
Isles which had been abandoned by the natives.
This was 3 or four miles from land and
we thought first that we would spend
the night there. But the look was so
frightful that we drew in shore where I
found two families of Esquimaux and
there we were welcomed to lodge if in
the mean time I should furnish supper
or lunch from my little stores.

Here the Isle which I was to sleep in
was the habitation of four individuals. Still
it was not large enough for me to straighten
in. But I managed to get my sleeping
bag in and had a fair night's rest.

On the morning of my fifth day
I took an early start and about noon
arrived to the Island of Incisix where
I found the schooner and people who
seemed to brighten up to new life when
the face of a countryman appeared before
them. But I only stopped to take din-
ner with them. In hopes to reach North
I started early in the afternoon and
arrived on Black Lead in the evening
where I found Amewadly Coastlanders
who welcomed me to a game of Cuckre

April 1868

The sixth and seventh day was passed on Black Lead Island where the wrecked crew of the Bark Andrews are living. Also the schooner Gorbil which has been lying aground all winter on this island, with her people living on shore in houses built of sails and snow. (But there is a good prospect of getting her off if the ice is melted away to the sun, and not breaking up with a swell.)

I spent a very pleasant time with the officers here and one day drove over to Neales and visited the ^{Big} Bart's Alert. The shipwrecked crew are about chattering among the different vessels now in the gulf. Mr Nye wants a birth on board the Milwood and I hope it can be arranged to take him and his crew.

On the morning of the seventh day I left Black Lead and proceeded to the floe edge. But before I reached there and about ten miles off shore I came upon quite a village of snow igloos occupied by Esquimaux on a young seal expectation. But soon after I reached the water and O such a sight! By thunder I have neither sleep nor thought of any thing since. O Dear, well. Whalos. Yes armies of whales of all sizes all description. I was happy to look upon them. But surprised when I looked about me and saw no boat. Right along side of the floe where I was standing they would all themselves up as much as to say look me up. I shot four pistol balls into one whilst the boy lashed him off with the 's whip. Another I shone against with my foot and between whales sporting and killers.

whistling my hollowing and dogs barking
we kicked up another such confusion that Barthe
never thought of. The Killaluer is a species of
white whale of small dimensions, usually 15 feet long.
I rode all day from one point to another
until I crossed the gulf. But I do believe
that I saw more disappointed missions that day
than any other of my life. It seemed that
it would have been some consolation to me
had I heard a lance that I might kill
a few whales even though there was no hope
of saving them. But I had to leave
them. Though I often looked behind me
with all kinds of promises to see them soon
again when I was better prepared for
the conflict.

I took the nearest cut from the glacier
to the Middle glacier, and found it to be not
far from 10 miles. Over these 10 miles we must
sled our slubber and canvas then it must remain
on these islands until the ship can get out to
take it off.

I stopped on these islands &
an Igloo occupied by a Eskimooner and on
the eight day arrived at Ewart the old
Whilwood glacier to get back. But still
it was not getting home. And I can but
rejoice that eight days more has passed to be
seen the great space of time which divides
me from my real home. I am growing
old but I could not wish to prolong my
days and live in this country. Still I hate
to see time roll by without seeing oil coming
to the ship. But our chance is in the wheel
and the wheel seems to be revolving no more

April 1868

Strong breezes from NW
just the opposite way that we could
wish. O dear the prospect is
dull. So day we took two boats
about five miles towards the water
upon our sleds. And yet there is
25 miles between them and the
water. I don't know however we shall
endeavour to reach the floe but
it is where it may. I dread
the natives are gathering about us
and I almost wish they were in a
better place or a somewhat worse one
only to get them out of my sight.

Some how I cannot take to
these cursed Esquimaux as others
seem to. I do not mean all that
comes here but I do mean that
the majority of people do ever go
so far as to pinch their own gut
and others if it is within their power
not take the shirt from their own
back to give to these filthy beggars.
O man thou shalt live and die and
never know the depth thy frail impulses
can go. How many there has passed
through the world but fortunately have
never met the temptation or have been
placed under the circumstances to
test their own manliness. I must
call it manliness for the lack of
words to express it differently.

{

June 1868

I am on board to recruit from a hurt I received
away from the ship. I have been off living in
tents since April 28. On the night 28th of April
I took a load of tents and provisions and with
half of ship company went about 20 miles to an island
and called Misjugin (But for a shorter name
we call the mickles) I sent the crew back except
one man which I made a cook at. Here I spent
ten days receiving daily from ship some articles
for the glaci fishing. (The main glaci is 10 miles below)
On the 9th of May I started for the water
with two boats and two tents with cutting gear
and all the fixings for whaling and cutting
on an island near the glaci. On the 10th 11th and 13th
I took a whale and cut the same at the glaci.
The remaining of our crew and two teams of
dogs and natives are engaged in hauling the
blubber and bone to the Island.

On the 15th Mr Stinson our second mate
got a small whale which we cut but the
wind breeze up from the south we lost
nearly all of the blubber as the ice broke up
some two miles from the former glaci edge.

It was about midnight (though we have
naught but daylight now) I awoke and feeling the
great responsibility of a life upon the treacherous glaci
I got up although I had a watchman with
strict orders to call me at the least change
in weather or ice. I no sooner reached the
outside of my tent then I called all hands
to save the boats (on which our lives depended)
which was already moving on broken ice.
We got to them just in time to save them
by jumping creeks and reaching the piece which
they were on. We got them in and upon

The sledges and took them back about two miles. Returning got our tents and remaining traps although they were upon broken ice.

This accomplished we again settled down to watch the movement of ice and weather.

But to our chisnay about midnight following the commencement of the S E gale the wind hauls to the N W and blew a heavy gale. And of the fourteen men which formed our company there was but one besides myself which knew the danger of our perilous situation, and for twelve hours I with great anxiety watched for the ice on which we were to move off down into the agitated sea below which must have ground us to atoms. But God only knows in his wisdom why we were left upon the very edge of the floe. On the opposite side of the gulf all hands were carried down but the wind blowing on that shore they landed before the ice went to pieces. One man however was drowned and another (an officer) died from the effects of his eating mucktoe after being long without food. (His name was ~~Trusdale~~ and belonged to Connecticut.) After said gale was over I found my boats completely buried in the drifting snow.

But I got them ready and again went off to look for whales. But the weather continuing so bad that I went to the Island and got so dogs and moved back about four miles. I stopped here a couple of days and then got to the floe edge again. On the 21st of May we went off with our two boats I struck a large whale which ran from the floe and we succeeded in getting his blubber about six

miles down the gulf. (this is a long distance for a whale
to cart me but I did not get but chance to lance her once
that was upon the double quick. as my lance was no sooner
out of my hands then I was a ship's length or least of
the whale. But that lance her to spout the thickest of
blood which she continues to do for two hours. This is
accounted for as the whale was a female and soon
to become a mother, I have seen several cases of the
same) The wind had been increasing since we
left the place, and was now almost a gale from
N.W. However I did not like the notion
of losing our great prize, so I hooked on
and commenced towing and continued to do so
for an hour or so. when it had become so
ragged that it was impossible to steer the boats
I there cut off to save our own lives.

But I soon found that my greenness
had left me where it again depended upon
the overruling power whether we ever reached
safely again or not. And for two hours we with
our greatest endeavours to pull to the windward was
going down the gulf stern foremost.

But who can say that it was not Gods
own will that had the gale to slacken
that we should gather headway and reach
the place just as each one in the boat was
on the point of exhaustion. How sweet must
that have been to a guiltless Christian who
could have thanked his mercer for that deliver-
ance without the shame which our ungrate-
ful sinful souls must have met with
before the face of our deliverer. This life
may be called vain and perhaps it is more
than vain for those who choose to make it so.
But I must believe there is a way of living where
this life is not vain but priceless sweet.

I returned to my tent again and have
seen but two whales since as we soon
reached another souther and moored every
thing to the Lanch which I stopped several
days and found the remains of the Proctor
ice did not mean to leave until it
got ready I again went down with
our two boats, but there was no whales
to be seen. However it is about the season
when the young whales have formerly gone
and are superseded after a ten days
time of despondence of whaler men and no whales.

On the morning of the 30th of May there
appeared a Barque in the offing which I
anxiously watched but was disappointed to
find it the Scotch Bark. I am thus of Peter
Head-Scotland. I got very little news. Went
a severe fall from her taffrail and landed
partly overboard and partly on the gunwale of
my boat which ending high and low on
the weather side of sand bar in a rough
sea. There is a prospect of a general
break up on board or with the order of things.
I have become a noted opposer to making
a whaling voyage anything but a whaling voyage.
Therefore a deep plan is laid to stop my
influence after the fact can not be recalled
and although I have repeatedly declared that
if even now all French will join and collect
some oil, all the past shall be hurried and
forgotten and otherwise approved of. But no,
conscience seems to whisper or so it seems
that murder will out and dead men tell
no tales. And but for the owners sake I should now
not be one of those whose names was read in
a certain catalog called crew list or at least in
the position then placed me.

Farewell to the
Ocean again

June 1 1868

Farewell old ocean, yes farewell
This time my soul my heart my brain
We all combined the same must tell
I go no more upon the main

I must' await and not too soon
Can I upon receding tide
Leave in me where this ice bound gloom
Beneath horizons line to hide

'Tis long O horror who can tell
In numbers how my days have fled
Though silver locks are marking well
The wonder why I am not dead

And I have said that life was chance
Whose end was found beneath the sod
Ount mercies break that subtle trance
And points unto a ruling God

Oh dismal howls the dreary blast
Along this barren snow clad land
Still the ice fields hold me fast
And I must yield to thy command

Shall I beneath a brighter sun
Be woe to some misgiving ear
Have night or day me here but me
Of each which brings around the year

Yes I leave thee now, it so must be
Although this heart will oft rebel
And though my soul must court the sea
Yet still I say farewell farewell

I was the gazeat

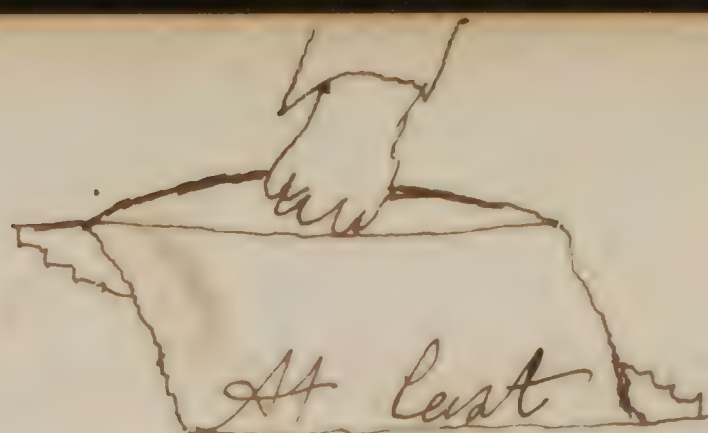
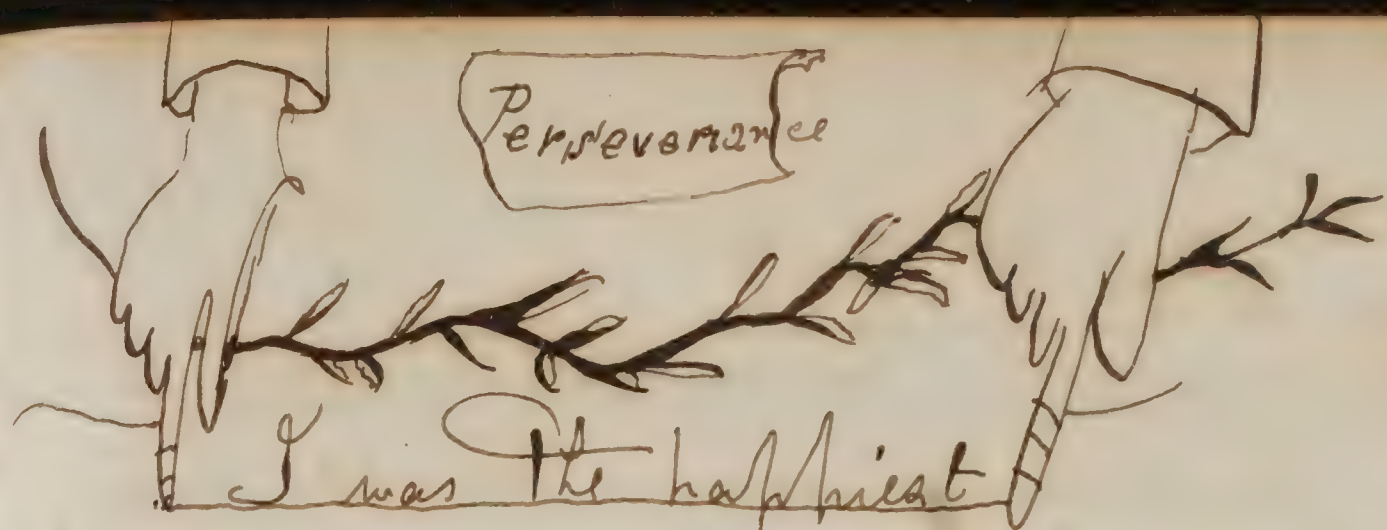
I was the most joyless

When childhoods morn with brightest beam
Awoke to life youth's golden dream
And all my wil'ing eyes could view
Was beauty. For the world seemed new
And fancy then itself were true
With all my painted visions bright
I sweetly passed each tranquil night
And nature's glowing scenes revealed
Her wonders in each roseate field
Till sunsets fiery beams displayed
The sky in crimson robes arrayed
Whose azure plain were dimpling though
With deep clear tints of its dark blue
Back from the gates of sunsets gold
Angels of purple fates on fates
Lingered the ethereal realms above

As roses on the field of love
And joy succeeding joy portraged
A life whose charm could never fade
Even now in visions there again
My heart seeks out some cherished name
Of friends or mate or mother dear
And almost thinks they still are near

And when I trace that mother's voice
From where I first learned to rejoice
I find me lost in one sweet dream
Upon childhood's dancing stream
But when alas that voice no more
Echoes from memories distant shore
That placid stream with darkened wave
Divides me from a distant grave
Oblivion hems my brightest view
And mocks me when I call things new

When manhood first began to dawn
I was unsheltered and a storm
Rolled to the beneath dark and drear
Then my young heart drank deep of fear
I fled as in a stranger land
My kindred care a parent's hand
Waved high within the hostile bend
On stranger bed I sought in vain
To rest me but the morning came
With dark forebodings on my soul
Such as this pen has never told
Nor mortal man has scarce conceived
How much I feared how much I grieved
My lonely heart but ached for home
Some resting place to call my own
But ^{hope} ~~hope~~ ^{reached} ~~reached~~ ^{back} ~~back~~ alone
And then the thought occurred to me
That I must span the trackless sea
And seek some land where none could trace
My weary footprints o'er the waste
And there perhaps I'd ~~win~~ ^{find} a name
At least an humble quiet claim
And though I trace the world round
Content nor quiet never found
The hope which soothed my youthful heart
Through changes now would not depart
I sought to drown in wild excess
My fondest dream of home and rest
But as the rarest moments flee
My deepest thought reflecting sheet
An emblem of a happy home
I prize happy not to be alone



When I the circuit of this sphere
Hast made through shadows dark and drear
Returning then to bless the shade
Of youth's bright joys which time betrays
And wandering o'er those cherished scenes
Of boyish hopes and early dreams
Where since my muse hast often strayed
And many a darksome hour delayed
I caught again that spark which glazes
On memory o'er my youthful days
Not as in youth's untutored days
Where aimless joys had won my stay
But life with all its changes seen
Through past experience sorry dream
And now again to see sweet to pass
A tranquil hour with friends at last
The phantom which hast swayed my will
And never never would be still
But filled my dreams with vain regret
Hast learned me now how to forget
Twas joy to feel and be at home
Twas joy that I was not alone
Twas sweet to hear the only voice
That e'er could make my heart rejoice
Twas sweet, 'twas all I ever had asked
In the present, future or the past
The first and last hope would aspire
Was home and friends, life's great desire

Youth with all its joys amassed
Are heaped within the distant past
With fancies glowing yet in view
As bright as when I thought them true
Life's great deeds I planned so wise
Of castles towering to the skies
Still on memories path remain
Where oft I trace them back again
Nor times decree nor plaintive song
Could move them, 'twas I which passed along
Now wandering back would fainly clutch
Those gems which ever mock me touch
These feeble limbs are only mine
A victim to the scourge of time

October 23rd 1867

The above is the date of our freezing in. And now there is a long dreary winter looming up even now before us. To day we stowed the oil of our only whale which makes us one hundred and forty barrels.

The fall has been a windy blustering time. The whales have been very scarce and shy. The only one I have seen to make his appearance on the surface the second time I caught, and no man living could do more.

O dear the dogs have found their way off to the ship upon the ice and now whilst I am writing they are howling and making a dreadful noise.

They have been left upon the various Islands in the surroundings and are now very much pleased to get among people of which they seem very fond. I have had them to follow my boat for miles along the beach and seem overjoyed to see us.

A long dreary winter is for me but O Annie I am afflicted that you too are looking to a dreary winter. Those words of thine are still fresh before all other whisperings. Those words of thine which tell me that you could not be happy with me away. And a reproving conscious regret clings to my very soul which accuses me of stealing from you your brightest cherished days which I have promised to prolong. Oh thou restless soul of mine come change me from this wild wayward wandering.

Though universe and space disburse
O'er a dreary dreary sea
Which rolls between me and hopes dream
Yet thought communes with thee

Think of me

I am thinking

Still of thee

A mighty space, a trackless waste
Desides me Annie from thee
And though I slave, on oceans wave
You'll sometimes think of me

When rosey morn, with glowing dawn
From shadows bright and free
When golden clouds, the sky enshrouds
O then just think of me

When farion's throng, shall move along
In mirth and revelry
Can in the round, thy voice resound
Without one thought of me

When winter's blasts, are growling past
Each cot and leafless tree
And strains of mirth, ring round thy hearth
Will you then think of me

When wild birds sing, in happy spring
As praises unto thee
And orchards bloom, around thy home
Then keep one thought for me

When summer breathes, her breath of ease
O'er hill and verdant lea
Can you declare, that joy is there
And never think of me

When over the plain, is golden grain
All gathering merrily
When autumn's sear shall blast the year
O then you'll think of me

When sorrow gleams through lonely dreams
Where'er thy lot may be
Remember then thy absent friend
Who ever thinks of thee

Though lonely wails and ocean gales
Far more than dismal
Though lightning's flash and the clash
I'm thinking still of thee

When on the race in the wild chase
Shure victor I see
The golden spoil which crowns my tent
But points to home and thee

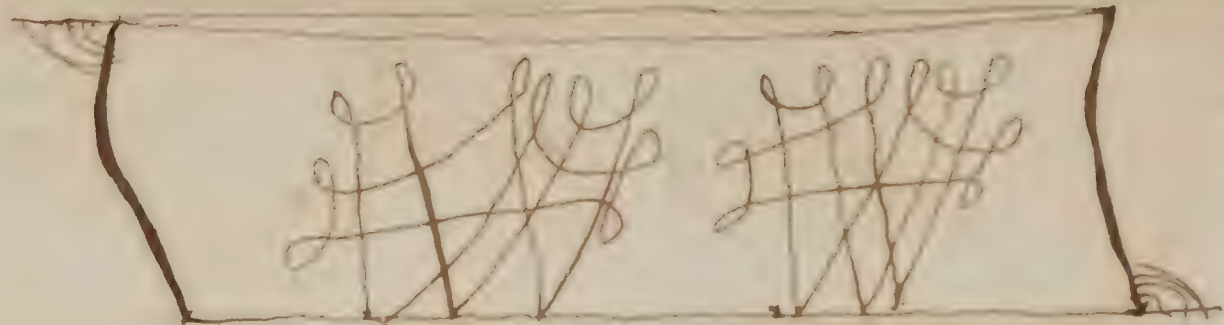
When ice-burys lift their towering cliffs
To heavens high canopy
I trace all day my doubtful way
Yet mindful still of thee

But if at least all this is past
And you again with me
I'll bid adieu to ocean true
And spend my days with thee

In milder zone, in happier home
From the forsaken sea
And dream no more as oft before
Of wandering far from thee

O time I could not ask thee to
wait for no man

Wing moments speed the flight
Bring me through this darksome night
Onward onward wing thy way
Bear no instant of delay
Let every day which builds the year
Like flashes come and disappear
Out-wing the blast O fleeting time
Nor linger here in this dark clime
But haste O haste unto the end
And bring me to my absent friend
Through tempest-storm thou shalt not wait
Those wheels of time must not abate
Though all I ever gained were lost
Thou time must roll what-ever the cost
For all is worthless that shall send
Me not unto my absent friend
Dark heavy clouds are lowering here
Beyond is visions bright and clear
Come open then recording page
Though time itself were bowed with age
There mark the great increase of time
Which hastens to that friend of mine
Let others court a dreamless sleep
Ever they expectant friends shall meet
But here I ask no sleep to hide
Times dearly waste or lagging tide
But let me battle to the end
And win me back my absent friend
Then I shall feel when all is done
The task though hard I did not shun
And joys which in my absence past
Within my view, beyond my grasp
May all return unto me when
I meet thee, Dearest absent Friend



expect

It was morning and 'twas Spring
And hope had spread its golden wing
There out upon a spacious bay
A bark was waiting my delay
I pressed the parting hand once more
I left behind my native shore

Such was the morning of a year
I lost, though spent in hope and fear
Through which I counted day on day
And watch'd and chased the hours away
I have climbed the rugged mountain side
To peer upon the frozen tide
And cheer a hope which only asked
An opening through the icy mass
A limpid stream, inviting trail
To lure to me the polar whale

My boat from beauties moulds in state
Wakes visions of a bridle elate
Without a murmur which can impede
An instance in its onward speed
And sail in gasket yet unfurled
A challenge to the clipper world
There glistening too was barbed steel
Keen whetted for the battle field

The frozen masses now are moving
Hope itself a truth is proving
Great obstructions part asunder
My boat leaps on with speed of wonder
Four times the great Leviathan heaves
Upon the spacious liquid fields
But here a foe with venom lies
With schemes long studied in disguise
And now leaps out with jealous fear
And ends thy dream. O wastes year

July 4th

I ever am reminded when I pass a cheerless fourth of July in a distant country, of those more happy seasons I spent at home with those I love I know then those friends which I miss are thinking of me also As I trace back the threads of memory I come to a morning of that season and state when I with a nice little carriage and pony was rattling over a pleasant road in the rural districts of my native State And I was not alone on that cheerful day Yes I call it a cheerful day because it saves now cheers me to remember.

There was picnics and celebrations of different orders for the occasion. But where was I steering with my precious charge. I only remember that I was going to ride without an appointed destination And I still remember the most minute incidents of the day The green fields. The old farm-houses The long pieces of woodland dotted in their laurel robes of summer through ^{whose} winding ways I led along. And although we started in the early day, yet it was in the shade of evening when we had finished our round.

And then to answer the question of where have you been I should not be able to give a direct answer Which could only have been done by recounting over the many turns and changings over the country we had travelled

Perhaps some will say that on those times came but once in life But O I know that I could enjoy it just as well to stay with the same person were I permitted to do so

But many a fourth has passed since that time and a very few have been spent at

home The fourth of July following the one
mentioned, I passed in the Bering sea, on the coast
of Siberia. And the next in turn I was on the
broad Atlantic. And then comes another at home
which again was a happy day. Another finds me
again surrounded with dry land water upon the
restless wave of old Atlantic breezy waste.

Once then more the holiday of the United States
finds me just returned to those I love from
a tedious tiresome voyage to sea. And this too
was a happy day, and it was new for me to stay
at home then and so the ride was dispensed with.

Another finds me in Hudson's straits and
the next in Cumberland Inlet. But now I
return home but alas not to see the pleasant
month of July. But when that came round
the same old Atlantic finds me upon her sur-
face. And here again in Cumberland.

Dreary moments speed by flight and
when another July comes I hope to be with
those which ever makes the seasons happy.

But God knows best what is in store
for us here. But I do believe I could be happy
at home to day were I there and God knows
feeling as I now do I would try to remain
contented and be there to spend three hundred
and sixty day out of the year and perhaps
one of them would be the fourth of July.

July 4th 1868

What is beautiful is the question I ask myself and perhaps to day I should answer it far differently from any other person I love flowers but to day if there were all the floral production of the globe spread before I think I could turn from them uninterested. How my pride and fancy has gone forth on the wings of admiration when in my better day I have looked upon the most perfect formed Steeds. But to day were Arabian greenest pastures open before me and her noblest fleetest of her racers should pass before me I could but give them but a moment's thought. Were the temples of alet in their newest splendor and all the eastern magnificence around me. Where the streets were crowded with the royal cavalcades in all the fabled pomp of alet. To day it would give me little joy to behold I could but feast my eyes whilst the deepest instinct of the soul would be far away and these such scenes would not be beautiful to me. Because beauty must have a charm or else tis no more than gaudy heaps of snow strewn trees & bridges.

Could I but guide this pen to mark just what would be beautiful for me to day. Oh to be with that little grout which is my all in the glowing streams of slumber. And my all through the ruder scenes of active life. Yes my all to guide me to the one joy of life. And there is my beautiful of earth and naught beside can please nor cheer with that ever lingering regret to share it with the dearest ones at home.

Yes July is here and still we are se-
curely frozen into solid ice. Two year ago this
time in the season the gulf was all broken
up. But it seems that unless we should
be fortunate enough to get a heavy swell into
Penney's harbor or some very warm weather
it will not be clear of ice this summer.

July 12th 1868

This morning I
have come to the conclusion that I
will leave the Kegitons and cross
the gulf in a boat and stop on Black
Island until the Brig Isabella comes
from Kemsnet in whom I have engaged
my passage home. Although Capt Bailey
of the Isabella will come to Kegitons for
me still I have reasons to be away from
the Milwood. Well I started with a
high blustering air which about noon
settled in the S. E. and commenced to
freshen up. About two o'clock I came
up with the schooner Quick Step and
my boat steerer in going along side carried
away his mast. However I went on
board and repaired damages and
took the bearings of a place called New
Bay on the East Shore and then I
started again in hopes the wind would not
increase until I could get across.
But gradually the wind grew strong

and the sea increased until I began to feel uneasy. However I pressed on in hopes that I could reach the opposite shore although I was near the middle of the gulf. But it soon became evident that I could neither reach the shore where I was bound nor return to the one I had left. And now the only chance there was for me was to make for the weather edge of the glacier which would probably be broken up before I could reach it, as already the sea was running very high.

And now as if Fate so retained it I saw the Brig Isabella heading directly for me. And I was soon on board of her. but as her crews were all full of boats I directed my boat off water. But the gale still increasing I was obliged to end it and hoist it to the fore and main rigging where it hung suspended with the brig rolling and tumbling while she pleased. But an abler pen must

portray the furies of the gale that night. The Brig was meeting water very fast and I expected she must surely founder if she did not stream upon some rocks or iceberg of which there were many in the vicinity. But no it seemed that the great ruler in whose hands the great universe is but a pebble) our fates were held. And when we drifted upon the pack which but the day before was a

subject was a ice from four to eight
feet thick, we now found it smashed
to fragments as harmless as so much snow
and water. Into this we drifted until
the motion of the sea was gone and
peace again proclaimed in the elements &
aboard. And now I found my
boat had in the commotion had been
badly ~~damaged~~ ^{stayed}. And I did not
leave the brig for three days. In
the mean time Capt Bailey repaired
my boat and about 9 A.M. I started
for Black Seal Island where I
landed in the afternoon I found
a part of three ship companies on the
Island among which was Partners of
The Andrews. Here I purchased provi-
sions of stores from the wreck and secured
myself a house and good living for four
months. But just one month from
the time I left the Regatta I started
from Niatlet for home. When I
went on board of the brig I carried
two bags of flour, one box of coffee, one
bushel beans, one bag of rice, one bag
of dried apples, and a large chest
of bread. And then I left near
as much in value on shore, which
the Inuit I suppose appropriates.
It seems that I could not wait
for any comfort whilst waiting for
the brig to start for home. But I cannot
even express an idea of the dreary hours
which passed. I lost all distinction of morning
noon and night, and as after went to bed after
sunrise as after sunset set.

May 1868
When spring-timer's newest flowerets
Are blooming fresh and gay
I dream with Annie roaming
O'er the meadows far away

When the moon is o'er the ocean
While the zephyrs whispering glide
I dream that Annie Darling
Would love the dancing tide

I listen to its murmurs
Though lonely it is true
Still out on fancy's pinions
Sweet Annie I seek you

Though night has cast her mantle
Of darkness o'er the deep
My sweetest dreams are straining
Through home-lands quiet retreat

Though the elements are frowning
O'er oceans wild unrest
I am dreaming still of Annie
And days when we were blest

When night's shadows are fleeing
From daylight's glowing plain
A white sail in the distance
Zooms out upon the plain

A thrill of joy sweeps o'er me
A hope through long days grown
Aching longings from Annie
From our New England home

When ice surges from the Ocean
I wend my way along
Still Annie's name as ever
Is foremost in my song

But you'll not shide when you hear
Of what names I worship thee
Sometimes dear and sometimes Darling
Till you are the same to me
Youthful bloom may pass away
Let others watch its slow decay
And sigh at every creeping leaf
To build at last a mountain grief
Far better land upon life's plain
Run your good race and off again
Nor stop to view through father's glass
Those fancies well you cannot pass
It's not this eye shall mark the change
Nor we dream of love estrange
Yes Annie thou'll be unto the end
My Girl, My Hope, my Dearest Friend

X
Aug 11 " 1868

I have been almost an age it seems waiting to start for home and now am laying in Nickel Harbor with a secret mind. But the prospect seems good for a start on the morrow.

The Brig Isabella has been here now since the first getting ready for home and now that she is ready the wind must be blowing a gale from the south.

I have been living on Black Lead Island for the last month where I had all the conveniences that could be asked for on a desert beach. I had a dining room with a cook stove and a good pile of wood at the door. Also a plenty of meal, flour, meat, butter, molasses, sugar, fresh meat &c &c. I choose rather to live there than be idle on board ship. The only reason I have to regret through the season and the voyage is my lost time. The old Ark is now the poorest ship in the gulf. Even the Scotch vessels have taken more oil than she. And I can safely say with giving myself any credit.) If the voyage had been managed according to my idea of the greatest advantage for the prosperity of all concerned (The Bark Milwood) would have been spreading her snowy sails on the broad Atlantic bound home with a good voyage. But that is past beyond redemption. And I do not even dare to think what the next great unseen change may be. I am making my self so nervous that the future and past seem mingling together in dull confusion.

Thursday Aug 12th 1868

Seven years has passed since a particular day
of rejoicing was mine. On that day I saw my
earliest cherished hopes verified. And
though that day has rolled down the
stream of time its joys are left
with me. But time is but a fleeting
shadow and ever long the tremendous
projects of our aspiring ambition will
have passed away. And e'en our very
name for gotten and lost.
Why is it that I with every
thing my most romantic ideas ever aspired
cannot content my roving shape
sit and live those joys of life
But No it has never been
It is not because that home is not
all I could wish it. But because
I long for the excitement of
a wild and dangerous life.
Yes when all were quiet
about my home, and I had laid
myself down to sleep. There instead
of a peaceful sleep. I would
find my telescope of imagination
looking through contrasting scenes
Therefore I here to day in my
most sober and moment declare
that this world is lost to me
where in reason I cannot look
for the quiet peaceful home
which my youthful and through life
in fact my imagination has reared as
the accomplishment of all this world
is capable of bestowing

Home war

And again I am on a passage home but I do not imagine that that I am the most happy mortal living as I have not accomplished nothing more than the using up of a couple of precious years. And I could have done that in a much pleasanter manner. I am now in a strange ship whilst the old Melwood is still under control of profligates. I say profligates yes I would not disgrace one single page of this book, to record some of the performances of the present voyage of the Melwood.

It is enough for me to say that although I have figured a conspicuous part in the voyage up to the time which I left duty on board of her. And up to that time I never got not from the court commences from the beginning. Still at that time I became disgusted, yes worn out and discouraged. And I say that the time has come when I felt myself incompetent to persevere a voyage with success with so many odds pulling the other way.

I feel that I was to start upon such a voyage. Though I did not know how low in principle and self respect Capt Allen could go. Still I knew enough to convince me that I had no business there. But the great inducements lure me away. And now I can see a waste of time which cannot be recalled.

Aug 14th

This morning finds the
brig passing through scattering ice steering
S by W. Although I believe it much better
for us to steer more to the Eastward, S by E
by compass, for instance. However we came into a
clear water through which we run for three
hours and then made a skiff of very heavy
Sami Strait ice. After looking along it for
a passage through for some time, Capt Bailey
under took to cross his way. But there
was a heaving swell leaving upon the southern
edge of the pack and when we was near that
edge we lost the command of the vessel and drifted
in to the most dangerous situation I ever
see a vessel come out of in safety.

In fact I thought it impossible to save ourselves
and nothing but an over ruling power could ever
give the strength to resist and iron to withstand
the crushing, thumping and knocking which the
brig received for two hours in the midst of
those icebergs. The carrier was her fore
foot, bowsprit, masting, and even started the planks
in the waist. A person could not stem
upon deck without a hand hold. I went below
and made preparations for a warm suit of
clothing in case in the last emergency we could
get upon some large berg if the boats were stove
which they surely would have been. And though
we are now out in a clear space with the brig
leaving back, I cannot evade the gloomy musings
which has haunted me through this entire voyage
on which it seems so ordained to make up a
train of hardships and dangers. Five times I
have been placed in that situation which told me
too plainly that the chances for life were against me.

The La Belle off the Straits of
Bell Isle. Bound via Cape Race to N London
Fifteen months since I leaved from home
and now I am soon to make my appearance
among those I hold very dear to me. And
perhaps to meet a vacant place where I
have long hoped to find filled with
a loved one. On this dreary life, and
still I can see no end to these wanderings
I do from the utmost of my soul, wish I
could leave this calling. But it seems
beyond my control to rule the gate that
has ever kept me from pillow to port
for the last seventeen years. Although
I have worried myself enough to kill a
common man on this voyage still
even now I am contemplating an-
other voyage to another remote corner
of the globe. Perhaps this world is a com-
-pleat humbug, and one man is just as well
off as another. For instance whilst I am
at this table writing there is another man
on the opposite end of said table making
pictures upon walrus tusks. Now this man
seems completely satisfied that the world
is just right and life was got up just
to his own idea. Now as I have given
an idea of his contented idea, it will
be no more than right to overhaul his cir-
-cumstances and see if it would be
a good life to make after. Three
years ago he came to Cumberland Inlet as
first officer of a vessel from N London
The said vessel filled with oil and the
mate left and wintered with the Esquimaux
receiving a few superfluous articles for

to a jag he left behind. The next winter or
the winter I spent at home off my Webster voyage
he also spent among the natives. Now and then
receiving a few articles from ship that
expected some help from him in the spring.
And the last winter he also spent
on Black Seal Island and whaled
for this brig where he was promised nothing
but a few trinkets and barrels for himself
and Cooney. But now he is going home where
he hopes to God knows what although he seems
very well satisfied. I understand that
he has or had a very beautiful wife at home
and the reason why he is off or the reason
why he is such a fool is because that
beautiful wife suited herself just as
well when he was away and perhaps better.
But the depravity of the human kind is the
field of darkness which in my view separates
is from the brute. Now it would be impossible
to love with a steadier devotion than this
saint man has loved and clung to an
Esquimaux woman. The saint himself has
the use of but one hand and in this country
the women were pantaloons and with but
one hand it would not be very convenient
to get them down in a hurry. Now my
noble knight steps forth as the champion of
the fairer kind and dismounts the already
jealous himself. Now comes the great question
Is this Gentleman's likes and dislikes. His jokes
and woe his great ends and little ends prefer-
able to a man in opposite circumstances and
men with opposite likes and dislikes &c &c &c
We may answer now and who may answer
the same one hundred years from now

Saturday Evening Aug 22nd

Latitude 54.30.

Longitude 48.50 The weather has been very steady with westerly winds. But to say the wind is from S.E. but I do not imagine that it will continue in that quarter but a short time as it is raining here even now. This is the dulliest homeward passage I ever made. It hardly seems that I am in my right mind more than half the time. Sometimes I am half despairing of ever seeing home. And again I work my imagination almost into melancholy concerning the changes which may have taken place among the dear ones I expect to meet.

It is now fifteen months since I last heard from home. And that is a great great while. And in those long months millions and millions of human beings have passed from this life beyond the bounds of a mysterious eternity. This not because some unseen hand has lifted me over dangers, marvelous to contemplate. But those dear to me have been spared also.

Oh the uncertainty of this life. And how vain to cling to the foolish joys of this shadow of time when at the best it will last but an instant on the dial of eternity. If eternity was not for man. Then how vain would be life. How vain would be those prodigious castles of anticipation which are erected by our ambition.

But if this life is but an introduction among Gods works which are spread through infinite space. Then perhaps the greatest idea that our young minds are capable of conceiving were caught beside the reality which is in store for us.

Miss Isabella Cornet from Cumberland
to New London Lat 52 00

To day we have Long 51 60
passed some 20 or 30 ice bergs The wind is
from the North and hope runs high
A few days of this wind and we shall
be around Cape Race I shall be
so glad when I reach home that I think
I shall not be able to recognize myself
here I cannot write as there is no
chance to be alone and if I under-
take to wait for the people to return they
invariably interpret it that I want to
talk about something that cannot possibly
interest me or any one else It is now
near midnight and the Skipper is here
waiting to say something which I should be ex-
pected to stop writing to listen to
therefore I keep writing. At the same
time half past one and although I do not know
what he says. And at the same time scarcely
know what I am writing Therefore
is my excuse for the worthlessness of
the last few pages I have scratched
I would gladly compose a few stanzas of
poetry but it is a case of impossibility
Farewell old ocean has been a favorite theme
of mine returning from my last few voyages
But this time I shall be compelled to give
my old ocean a silent parting. And if I
never see it more I leave it as the part
of the world which I have seen means an
anticipated hope hurried unaccomplished The
field over which I have chased the Wild & the wild
and in chasing those flying Dutchmen I spent
the days which should have ended in a Golden harvest

Wednesday Aug 26th Lat 50. 30.
Long 51. 50

And this day
has given us a heavy wind but this evening
it is thundering and lightning very heavy with
some rain and I am in hopes that the
wind will take another direction after this
So near home and yet to wait for the changes
of wind. I feel different about going home
this time than I have formerly. It seems that
my stay will be but transient, And I
shall leave very sorrowful. Sometimes I
fear that some dread news is awaiting
my return. But whatever comes it can
be no more than what is in store for
all men. Wind sooner or later
I know that I should be far
better contented to stay at home with
Ann and Carrie if they would. Or if
they were of the same roving nature as
myself. I know I could range from
city to city and drive some business
that would pay. But I am satisfied
I can never content myself in one
place until I am able to subsist
upon my income. But O how lonesome
I am. And O how it thunders
Or any other man. I don't know but we
shall have to put into St Johns N^o 1st
as our racket is almost shoores and
that Devil to pay generally. What will be
the next performance we are fit to earn.
And I am very glad indeed that
I am too able to earn in this case.
Therefore I escape New London perfection

Thursday Aug 27th Lat 56 04
Long 52 60

This afternoon raised on to land which
proved to be Hunt Island. Our chronometer proves
to be 75 miles to the eastward of our true
position. This afternoon we are having
a first rate breeze from the North
her shorter and shorter grows the distance
between me and home. Let her slide

And all night we run before a strong gale
from the North. The brig steering S by W by
compass with three points variation to the East.
About 2 o'clock A.M. we raises light in
several directions. We may after reach
of wild scenes of excitement and never
realize their reality as when clashing
over the white foaming billow along a
miles barrier shore, lashed by the contending
sea. And then to walk upon a dry
beach deck with all these commotions
around you, would lend that charm
which is only realized when mingled
with danger, clearing and the love of nature
O than worthless for could I command

My marking upon this snowy page. I would
forever a scene such as this heart can
fain And who the world could trace
wonders mightier than mortal imagin
ation ever portrayed without beholding

But onward speeds the little
brig and though the elements are pressing heavily
yet she mines it not. But dashes on the
faster as though anxious to keep pace
with the foaming gale. This gale has a clear
sky and the moon is smiling brightly upon
the conflicting scenes below

Friday Aug 28th Tinch the Brig
off St Johns. N. F. with wind blowing
directly in our teeth. Now this may seem
strange to a person who has studied the art
of navigation. And to clear up the mystery
I shall but say that we run of the place
before it was positively decided to go into
port. But fearing that our racketer would
part from us in a time when it was
most needed we concluded to haul in
and repair the same.

5 o'clock P.M. took a pilot who soon
signalled the tug boat which towed us
in where we came to anchor in the early
evening. St Johns. has one of the most beautiful
harbors I ever saw. It lays in an oblong shape
and extends E & W. Some four miles with a breadth
about one mile. It is entirely surrounded by
very high land except the very narrow passage
for or where vessels enter the port.

On the North side of the Harbor is the city which
has something of an ancient appearance. Though
now a few of the houses are very pretty. But mo-
stly they are built of wood and I noticed
quite a number of the gambrel roof style.
In the business part of the town the use of brick
has been introduced. But the Catholic Church
is the most to be admired. At the two front
corners stand to stand two spires I should think
not less than 250 above the ground on which they stand
and 1600 above the level of the sea. The building
itself is very extensive. Whilst around that is
an enclosure properly of an old fortress with
high walls and archways. Mounted by marble stat-
ues which would have been life size in the
days of giants I could not tell who

they all represented. But directly in front
of the edifice ^{it} was easy to distinguish our saviour done
in marble, and near him were several others among
whom was the virgin Mary all of the same
material. I suppose some of their favorite saints
(and perhaps St John) made up the posse.

Near the entrance to the chapel were large
surns and altars on which mince stone basins
were placed I suppose to contain the Holy
Water. However take the construction as
a work of art it must be considered remar-
kable indeed. But with all of those im-
ages one could not help bringing to mind
the class of ancient idolatrous superstition.

St Johns is but a fishing station
where the business is carried on very extensively.
Here is many different fishing boats foreign vessels
and as near as I can learn they are most
all waiting for or taking a cargo of fish.
The inhabitants are of two distinct classes, the
one which seems to be the higher is not very
numerous. What the other are but a trifle
better than the slave which was bought and
sold under the hammer. I saw the servant
girls where I took my meals, ever at work. If
there was nothing else to do they were clean on their
knees scrubbing floors of entries and kitchen for
they very seldom have carpets on St Johns. I told
one of these girls that I thought she must be well
paid to work so much. And she told me that
her wages was one dollar per month and that was
hardly enough to clothe her. She showed me her
hands which were hardened by work much more
than mine ever were even in my farming days.
And to tell the truth I did not really pity her and
felt how unworthy I was to be beyond those depressions.

St Johns. Aug 31th 1868

It is not perhaps an event that I should think worthwhile to record here. But as a proof of the fatuity of a sea life I will describe how agreeable it has been for the officers of the brig since they have been in port. A boat will go on shore to do some business and the crew will dine into some grog shop and perhaps before the boat is ready to go off again they will be too drunk to go and so lay down out doors on the wharf and sleep off the fumes of this poisonous liquor. Then there will be one or two half seas over which will come on board to saucy to be tolerated wherefore to sustain a discipline the offender should be punished but in consideration of the near end of the voyage is passed over. But to say some how there has been a supply of rumor introduced into the fore-castle I came on board to discover and found the crew fighting drunk? Using bad language to their superiors but I did not think there would be much trouble to secure them. But that was not attempted to my surprise and they became bolder and bolder until they concluded it was time to thrash the mate for whom they as usual have a particular regard. The first I knew there was fighting all sides of me. Capt Bailey went in and I must say he is smart for a small man. I did not take part as long as the after gang were holding their own, which they did and after a severe struggle the jacks were quelled. So I went on shore. But the American Consul at least was called on board to quiet the row. About 6 P.M. we took the tug and went out - which we found the most fair and strong from the N. S. wharves.

September 2nd Light breezes from the N.W.
Ship heading to the westward

Lat 54 49

Long 56 50

It is some consolation to realize that every mile we now make is towards home and but a few short stretches will bring us there now. What must I surmise the news will be when I reach there. It will not be pleasing something such to whisper. But O Annie may it not be that mischance has befallen thee. To find you and Corrie alive and well will outbalance all other woes which can come in my way. My own affairs I already know have gone the worst of wrong but that I shall endeavor to pass by as an ill year which cannot be recalled. Although I must say I am almost worn out with these long sleepless hours I am and have been passing. But I am almost there after the many doubtful hours I have passed of ever reaching thee again. I have after hearing say that the darkest hour was just before daylight and if it proves true in this case then there is a bright day at hand for me and perhaps even you.

This life is short at best and when I consider how much shorter it is for me (and perhaps you) than those which are ever with those they love, I am almost persuaded to discontinue this calling and seek some sort of a lonely way and forget the wilder scenes of my roaming inclination.

[Faint, illegible handwritten text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

Sept 3rd 768

The following is a marichien observation to obtain a Long by Chronometer

First get an observation and note the time for chron. (the altitude is preserved) This is done some fifteen minutes before the sun crosses the marichien. After the above observation let the observer continue his observations for the Set and when that is obtained he will again set his quadrant upon the same altitude which was first observed. and when the sun falls to the same degree the Chronometer time is again noted. The two Chronometer times are added together and the mean of these gives the true noon. (when the Chronometer rate if she has one is added or subtracted) will give the Longitude in time.

Observation 15 moments before the sun is on the marichien

First Chronometer time 2 42. 42

Second Chron time in the same altitude with sun falling 3 69 20

25 52 02

2 56 01

Chronometer rate altitude

37 06

Equation of time if additive subtract. if subtract, Add.

3 33 07

65

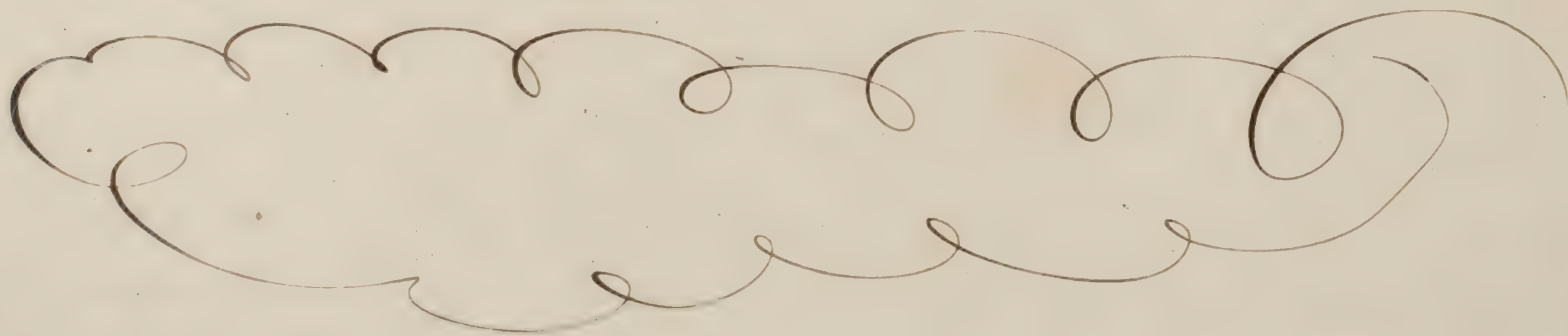
Long in time

3 34 02

15

45 30

Sum of Marichien observations 53 30 30



And - So

Must I retrace in int'reg lines
A theme so often done in rhymes
Ever the self-same story tell
To ocean of my last farewell
How I shall love in future years
To climb the path which memory rears
And peer upon the heaving tide
Shaking there my manhood's pride
Which meet the blast with spreading sail
And rode triumphant through the gale
Still fighting through the lowering storm
As recklessly I dashed along
There shall I mourn departed scenes
Which wildly through my memory gleams
A crimson path. deep dyed with blood
Which trails along the distant floor

Though milder scenes may yet recall
Where the gentler t'ephyes fall
Where the Orange tree put forth her bloom
To shade me from a tropic noon
Whilst fairy forms flit round my bower
To lend thee charms. Enchantes hour

When oceans greatest jibes pervade
My every sense which seems betrayed
May I return where not alone
I bless contentments happy home

End

Sunday September 6th 1868

Latitude 41.25

Longitude 63.14 Wind from the west
which is directly in our teeth
I cannot sleep and I believe that
the time is fast that used to give me
those sweet slumbers of better days
The time has been when hour after rolls
over me when I was reposed in an unbroken
slumber. But now alas I pass whole
nights and cannot realize one instance
of sound sleep. I endeavor to read
but at once a drowsiness comes over me
and I shut my books to close but not
forget the passing moments. I write but
seldom as my brain is unsettled and
though I half realize what I would
portray still all seems an unconnected mass
I have never been as I find
myself at present. It seems that my
active life is at an end. Whilst a
shadow seems to over shadow my future
which forbids further intercourse with
the world. This long illness I suppose
has worked upon my active nature and
almost put me beside myself. On my
previous returning voyages I have always
been full of speculations and reformatives
But this time I have not the remotest
idea what will be my next action
I set down here to write a page and
whoever reads this will at once perceive
the disjointed state of my imagination

September 7th 1868

Another day has passed and still
Our Lot nor Long is changed And
I can truly say this has been a very
long day for me. There has been a
large clipper ship in sight all day
and just at sunset a large steamer
passed bound to the Eastward

However the breeze is springing
up from the S. W. which promises
is a slick tomorrow and I dare
to hope that Georges banks will be astern
of us by this time tomorrow. If so we
shall be within 200 miles of home.
I suppose if all the good people were
upon the land they have already heard
that I am soon to come and already
are looking for my appearance there.

But this is but one of the few
fast succeeding changes which are to
roll over our heads before we shall be
gathered from hence, perhaps to launch
our being into unlimited space.


How much importance we place
upon the few transient stages allotted
to us in this life. When after it has
gone will seem as an instant in the
great sea of eternity. But we must
say that this life is a trifle to be passed
over with heedless care. When perhaps
through the great immensity of time we reap
the fruit of the seed sown in this
life. And still there is a question which many
of our people are trifling with when I know
that it should be the first attention to

Sept 7th 1868

Of course me still lingers that disappointment which has ever followed me through life. The wind long expected arrived last evening and I retire full of sweet dreams of home and friends.

Now it is the following morning and I arise to find the wind blowing strong from the very course we wish to steer. Now the question arises what shall I do. (Some one may react this in some future time and laughing say wait of course until the workings of nature shall give you a breeze to waft you home) But just let me say here upon the ground that if that sanguine person was placed here to feel as I do now where every moment is an age and every sleep as a new death and every waking a new world of disappointment then we should see if that mild gentle spirit would feel the same wait of course.

But it is me that is here and it is me that must wait and me that will wait. As I have waited through life. And I suppose when I reach and realize that my last moments are very near I shall look back only to behold a life of dull expectation disappointed. What is it that I want? What am I striving for, I cannot tell of but one great idea which seems ever in my view. And that is to see my home and those I love happy and contented whilst the outside world seems my declared enemies.



And I have set down here for what
reason I cannot tell unless to solely hold
my pen and think how I used to love
to pass an hour writing to her I loved

But Now Alas perhaps I should be
writing to one that already ranges in
celestial spheres. And on whose ear
the few earthly words this aching brain
could write to form a sentence of love
would be harsh notes beside the immortal
tones. Yet still perhaps whilst the
gales are driving me far from my
course And whilst I am anxiously watch-
ing each lazy sky or passing cloud
which marks the course of winds perhaps
that loves one is too anxiously expecting
my appearance to gladden the home which
so long I have longed to see again

O that I only knew that Carrie was this
night asking manner why his paper does
not return Then how cheerfully I
could return fearing not that some
sad tale perchance might greet my ear

But a dead wind is blowing
and my aching brain throbs heavily The
future looks dark and dreary My life
O how near. But time rolls on and
unless Annie you and me shall live
in a future world to tell the sadness of
our separation and the joys of our meetings
Yes unless all this, one thousand years from
now no tongue can tell our names our
loves or that we ever were. And then
without a future life. how vain is this

Thursday Sept 10th

Sat 40. 55

Long 65. 56

Steering West by North with
a fine breeze from the South

Although we are keeping along with
our chronometer still we have strong
suspicions that we are actually
seventy miles to the west of the
above Longitude. And whilst I
am writing this probably we are passed
Georges Bank steering directly for
Nantucket South Shoal. But I

am fearful that this good South wind
will leave us before we see another
Sun. To day I have felt cheerful
for me. As I see the brig bounding
over the deep, which promises a speedy
passage from here.

Yesterday some one
caught a porpoise and to day I struck
two but the brig was going so fast that
we could not haul them in before
they were bathe off from the harpoon

I do believe that if I could
just lower a boat and attack
the ugliest whale that ever swam
salt water I should not only
conquer the said monster but I
should then come to the brig altogether
changed. Alas! I should hope that
that reverend which seems to almost
make give up what little ambition
I now possess. Excitement - Excitement
Excitement what I crave or need
just now in this my darkest hour

Friday morning Sept 11th
wind from S. S. W. ~~and~~ Thick fog with
mist

This wind has already lasted longer than
I could dare to hope. And now it
seems almost pleasant. Though I am
eaten on the coast of my native land
I can hardly make it seem as a truth.
Those weary moments which I pressed
to speed their flight have they gone
Or do I seem enter a train of those little
atoms of time which shall be a still more
obscure time for me. We little dream how
the future is rolled on towards eternity.
When a happy evening is followed by
a sad and dreary morning.

But may I hope for the best
and believe that whatever my
fate may be still it is the
best for me. Some have
said that a sad and dreary m-
orning has after brought us a bright
and pleasant day.

How different are the ideas of
the human race. Now here on board of this
craft the different ones are carrying the curiosity
which excites their imagination most. Some have
gathered walrus tusks some the skins of animals
One has a box of the cliff weeds and sorrels
of that scanty soil. I also collect from
the rest and although I have the taste and
skins. Yet I felt a curiosity in the race
of this country and have got along with my
traps a skull bone of a native
woman.

